

The Most Popular Girl in the World

—AND—

The Highest Paid Artist Who Ever Lived,

MARY PICKFORD

will talk every day on the Woman's Page of THE WASHINGTON HERALD, beginning tomorrow

She will write on all sorts of vital and absorbing subjects in which her remarkable career since the age of five, and her phenomenal success on the moving picture stage, have made her experienced beyond her years, while she still retains the understanding and heart of a child.

Her articles will be full of anecdotes and the personal experiences of a young girl who has made herself famous.

This girl, who is loved throughout the world on account of the sweetness, grace, love and sympathy she can



silently express in her face and figure, is going to talk through THE WASHINGTON HERALD every day, and is going to say things worth reading.

You are invited to write Miss Pickford, through THE WASHINGTON HERALD, on any subject on which you would like her opinion or advice. She will reply either direct to you or in the correspondence department at the end of each daily talk.

Mary Pickford is only 22 years old, but it must be remembered that she has been an actress for seventeen years.

In that time, by her own efforts and without any "pull," she has become the most popular girl in the world. Her weekly guarantee, which continues irrespective of the number of plays she appears in, makes her the highest paid artist in the world, not excepting Caruso.

She receives over 200 letters a day from practically all over the world. With the aid of a secretary and stenographer she answers every letter.

Mary Pickford's experiences have been more varied, her work has been more continuous and severe and her opportunities of studying human character have been more extensive than the average person can boast in a lifetime. She is therefore fully fitted to write a daily letter for publication in a manner that will inform, entertain and help.





A Word About Myself and My Little Plan.

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It would be useless for one whose acting is confined solely to the screen to say that we do not miss the magnetic presence and enthusiastic applause of an audience. We do miss both very much and while the realism and charm of nature in scenario work compensate for many things, nevertheless we miss that personal touch with the public that restrains, suggests, encourages and inspires.

One whose audiences consist day after day solely of a director and property men has no direct communication with the public except through its letters to him, and it has occurred to me that in my case I might strengthen and facilitate this method of communication by using the press as a medium.

It will not only be simpler, then, for my letter friends to reach me, but the fact that we are reading the same newspaper every day, with our letters to each other in it, will give our association that little, intimate, home-like touch it needs to enable us to be of mutual help. It will be just as if we were gathered around the same table to make our little plans for the future, to laugh at the plans that went awry, to cheer each other, and perhaps to tease each other a little bit, for I contend that we tease always when we love.

A Welcome Visitor.

What great times we will have! The newspaper, which has always meant something to which father has the prior right, gets cross about it if it is late and grumblingly hides behind, will then have a more personal, a more intimate, meaning to each of us. Always the one visitor every member of the family welcome, think how much warmer that welcome will be when it becomes the medium of our daily little friendly talks.

In a very pleasing way the scenario artist has an advantage over what some please to call the "legitimate" actor. We do not have the exquisite joy of seeing the smiles and tears in the faces before us; we miss the supreme bliss of the curtain call, but—and think what this means!—our friends, our admirers, our critics are not confined to the few cities where we have appeared.

They are broadcast, and as letters from every point in the globe, from South Africa to Alaska, pass through our hands, we can afford to smile a little triumphantly at our bowing and scraping rival. True, we have not the joy of the curtain call, but neither are ours the narrow limitations of one little stage. He has a season in Chicago, for instance, and only those who are fortunate enough to be in Chicago see him. We have a few busy days in studio, in the country, on the hills or in the valley, wherever realism takes us, and appear in the next month almost all over the world.

And those to whom we appear, realizing that we are blind to tears and smiles and deaf to applause and feeling that they must find an outlet for their admiration, find it through the ink bottle. Bless its inky face! I say, for it has done more through those who hover around it to encour-

age and help me than anything else in the world. What a greater medium of help the newspaper will now become!

An Early Awakening.

Would it make us feel more at home, I wonder, if I tell my friends right at the beginning something about myself?

I was a tiny girl of 4 when my aunt carried me downstairs one morning, and I knew by the manner in which she held me tight to her breast when we passed a certain door that my father lay dead behind it. I knew, too (the tragic precocity of it!), that I was my mother's oldest child, and now must help her.

We had no means. I was 4, Lottie was 3, Jack was a baby in arms, and our grandmother, a helpless paralytic, was a more hopeless burden than we. In looking backward now, I can see that the seriousness of our situation was magnified in my childish imagination. I seem, in my mind's eye now, never to have known the care-free, happy-hearted childhood which is every child's due. I always clung closely to my mother, as if I instinctively knew that she must not be left alone to grieve and work, and one of the first questions I remember asking her was how many years it would be till I would be old enough to work and help her and of counting off the years on my fingers when she replied that I could not earn money before I was 14.

But God was good to me, and I did not have to wait that long.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Phyllis, 16, writes from Seattle to ask which I think is greater—a home life or a career. A home life, beyond doubt. We who were foolish enough to have chosen a career have nothing but empty hands and arms when we are old. And empty hearts, too.

Mrs. R. M. concludes a long letter with the question: "I have begged and threatened and told her of his worthlessness, but she refuses to give him up. What shall I do now?" If girls in Dallas are like all other girls, this mother has fairly driven the girl into the man's arms. Of course she won't give him up under such encouraging treatment. Try praising the man for such traits as even she will see he does not possess.

Alice, a little Indian girl who incloses a picture showing the straightest of hair, wishes to know if use of the curling iron works injury. I do not know from experience; I have never used it, but am quite sure that it does the hair no good to cook the life out of it. Straight hair is as pretty as curly if kept well groomed.

Mary Pickford.



Why I Am Glad I Was Born Poor.

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I AM grateful for many things and one special cause for gratitude is so unusual that I have snatched a half hour in my dressing room while waiting for a call to tell you about it. It is that I was not born with a silver spoon in my mouth.

Isn't that unusual? Most women speak of the hardships of their earlier days with regret, but I am glad I had them; glad every hour of the day. When I see a little girl with a wistful face pressed against a confectioner's window I know just how she feels, and this feeling is good for me, and I try to make it good for her. I always have had enough to eat, but there were times when on the road that I ate my meals without pie and cake trimmings that I might save enough out of my small salary to send home a certain amount to my mother.

When I am given the role of a girl who is on the outside of the window of all the good things in life it is not all art that makes me do it well. It is experience, and it takes experience like that to broaden the sympathies and make one's soul grow.

One who began earning her living when she was five, as I did, and has kept at it almost constantly ever since, has necessarily been compelled to pick up an education on the run, and I owe all I know to an unusually good memory. I have had little time to spend in school, but my memory made every day I spent there count for more than just one day.

My First Speaking Part.

The first speaking part assigned me was committed to memory that same evening. I did not go to bed until I knew every word, and when I appeared for rehearsal next day with my lines "in my head," I caused amazement. The manager was greatly interested when he learned how quickly I had learned them, saying I had shamed them all.

Not only did I know my own lines, but I subsequently found, without trying, that I memorized the speaking parts of other members of the company. Once in the death scene in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," when I lay in Uncle Tom's arms, I found this mental trick served in good stead. I was, as I said, dying. It was Uncle Tom's cue to say something very touching and sublime. "I have forgotten my lines," he said to me frantically. "What shall I do?" Lifting my arm up feebly, as if for a parting embrace, I drew his face down to mine and whispered his lines in his ear. On another occasion, the child who had the leading part in a play being put on in Brooklyn was taken suddenly ill, and there was rapid skirmishing for a child to take her part. It fell to me. I had just one hour to learn the part, which was long, but I went on and played it without a rehearsal or a bobbie.

My mother taught all three of us to read and write, and I managed to go to school between seasons. As we grew to better circumstances, private teachers were employed to travel with us, and

we have studied everywhere on earth: on the trains; at hotel dinners; at railroad restaurants, eating our sandwiches with our school books propped up in front of us; between acts on the stage, parsing and adding and memorizing while changing our costumes, and putting on many a make-up with a mind divided between grease paint and the latitude and longitude of Georgia. When it was vacation time for my elders and the happy children not on the stage, it was school time for me, every vacation being spent in a classroom, and when I was with Belasco my make-up board in my dressing room, with its blackboard and books, looked like a desk in a school house.

No Room for Trash.

My memory has remained good because I have never loaded it with trashy literature. I read Hugo at the age of eleven, was familiar with Sir Walter Scott and had mastered Waldo Tryne's "In Tune With the Infinite" when a very young girl. Occasionally, but very rarely, I read a modern novel as an appetizer, and I never read or discuss the sensational stories found in every day's newspapers. I have always refused to listen to or repeat a questionable story or joke, and am grateful that my days are always too full for gossip. I think perhaps to this refusal to clog my brain with the debris of indecency I owe largely the joy of a memory that grows stronger every day.

I have tried consistently to think pure thoughts, and have always been as good as I know how, punishing myself fully and promptly when I have failed.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I am surprised that a little girl in England, where the complexions are naturally so good, wishes to know of some variety of harmless face paint. There is none.

"I want to be a movie actress," writes Caroline, from Memphis; "where will I find some one to help me?" If you do not find that some one in your own self, then there is no hope for you. Those who climb by the efforts of others never climb high, and never stay up long.

"I read an article about you in which you said every girl should save a little. How can she save when she only gets a few dollars a week?" She can learn that happiness does not depend on possession, and that half the things she wants are not necessary to her existence. I am speaking from experience. I saved money when I earned very, very little, and had others to support.

Mary Pickford.



How I Keep in Fit Physical Condition.

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PERFECT health is more than a matter of good looks to the actress—something to be desired, but which it is possible to score a success without. It is absolutely essential. Neither on the stage nor before the camera is a girl employed who is over or under good health weight. The managers, poor, harassed mortals, have enough drains on their patience smoothing down the feathers of the temperamental without making allowances for physical ailments. Good health becomes, therefore, like money in the bank, and we work as intelligently and faithfully to preserve it as we ever worked to build up a theatrical reputation.

For the Stomach's Sake.

I begin my day with a glass of cold water, which I drink very slowly and into which I sometimes have the juice of half a lemon, and sometimes, when out of sorts, I take hot water instead. Then I stand before a wide-open window, summer and winter, and exercise for fifteen minutes, taking deep breaths religiously. This is followed by a second glass of cold water, and water, I may as well state now, is something I take every half hour or so during the day. It not only quenches my thirst, but it rests me and keeps my stomach in condition, and one whose stomach is in perfect condition never takes cold.

I exercise till I feel every drop of blood in my body racing through my veins and I am warm enough for my cold shower, which follows. I do not advise every one to take the cold shower. If a girl, after taking it, is blue and pinched, the shower was too great a shock for her. The test of its beneficial results is a pink glow to the skin. Neither is it good for one if the after effect is a feeling of depression. One should feel fit for a race after a cold shower, or abstain from taking it. It has occurred to me that the cold bath sometimes works a detriment because the bather steps into cold water. This should come under the head of serious and solemn Don'ts. I have taken cold showers all my life, but I see to it carefully that there is a little warm water in the tub when I step in. This insures warm feet to begin with, and the cooling is so gradual it is not harmful.

My breakfast is a very simple meal: Orange juice, or some other fruit, followed by one poached egg, a little dry toast and a cup of tea. As the result of my Canadian training I never drink coffee, and was ten years old before I tasted it. We never have it in the house.

Cultivating a Happy Mood.

I walk a half mile to my work every morning if the call from the studio is not too urgent, always taking the walk down Riverside Drive, where I have a view of the Hudson so beautiful it helps to build up the happy mood that is as essential to good health as exercise. There the machine is in waiting to pick me up and take me to the studio, where the director gives me so much exercise

for the rest of the day in climbing ladders and staircases, rolling under beds, etc., that I haven't a moment to accumulate an ounce of indolent flesh if I desired. When I have time, which is not often, I take a horseback ride through the park.

I eat lunch where I happen to be—sometimes a good meal in a good restaurant, but more often a crust of bread munched on the Bowery, or in some spot in the country, with a prayer of gratitude that moving picture actors are blessed with good digestions. Never will I let an ice cream soda tempt me, and I had to abstain so strenuously from sweets of all kinds when I was little, because we couldn't afford them, that out of the abstinence has grown the good result of lack of desire now.

I rarely eat between meals, saving my appetite for a dinner which consists largely of soup and vegetables and bread. I eat very little meat; no fried meat of any kind, no veal, no pork, not even bacon, and the sight of rare meat makes me physically sick. I could make a good vegetarian, for a remorse for ever having eaten meat overwhelms me with a sense of barbarism every time I look into the innocent eyes of a cow. I use very little vinegar, but plenty of good Italian oil in my salads; eat very little dessert, and always leave the table hungry. That is a rule I observe as faithfully as this one other, which is even more important: No alcoholics at any time or place.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"I am a teacher in a home for orphan children in New York City," a woman writes me, "and want you to tell me what books it would be good for me to read in my little leisure time after these atrocious children are in bed." Try a course of Charles Dickens, reading with intent mind his stories of the homeless little waifs rounded up in public institutions. I am quite sure, then, you will no longer use that word "atrocious."

"What do you do when you have the blues?" is the concluding question in a letter from Chicago. I find more work to do in the next minute than that minute will hold, and become so enthusiastic and busy making an anemic little minute puff out with tasks that I forget I was blue.

"Tell me," writes a man from Baltimore, "what was the play in which you first appeared." I made my first appearance on the stage in "The Silver King."

Mary Pickford.

DAILY TALKS

By *Mary Pickford*

The Question of Clothes.

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I GREW up with such an abhorrence of debt that I learned to get along with very few clothes, and now that I can afford more I do not have as many as most girls who are dependent on overworked and hard-pushed fathers for every cent they spend. I do not think it good sense to spend money foolishly, and it is surely spent foolishly when squandered on garments that are hung in the closets to feed the moth.

A good, plain suit, never in extreme style, with a neat little hat, good gloves, clean collar and waist, and shoes well polished are in far better taste than the dress so far beyond one's means that it must serve as a best dress one year, and with tawdry and torn adornment appear as a street dress the year following. With good judgment one may buy a suit of very good material for \$15, in which the wearer always looks well if she keeps it well pressed and well brushed.

Girls with round, envious eyes tell me what they would do if they drew my pay check every Saturday night, and I tell them, as I tell you, that the more one receives the more one has to pay, so that the possibilities and limitations remain proportionately the same. I try to save. I have always done that. With the larger income, and the taste for luxuries that has grown with it, I want to save as large a share of my salary as I saved when it was less.

A Matter of Conscience.

This is one reason I do not spend much on clothes; another is that I have no respect for the woman who hangs clothes on herself as if she were nothing more than a Christmas tree. I would rather give my money to a better cause, and could never be happy in a \$75 hat knowing that some child, whom I might relieve, is hungry.

It is a sin to go in debt for clothing which one can do without. From Alabama comes a letter from a girl who thinks the gods will be kind to a bride who goes to her husband in pretty clothes she has borrowed the money to buy. She doesn't know that happiness was never bought that way.

"I know you receive letters every day asking different questions and favors, and I know that you are tired of them, but I hope you will see fit not to refuse me. I am to be married in a short time, and you know a girl loves pretty clothes at such a time. My parents are poor and cannot give me many clothes and I am wondering if you will lend me the money to buy some, or give me clothes you do not need. I have one pretty evening dress that cost \$10.50. I don't know how we are to pay for my wedding dress. I could be married in a suit that cost \$25 if I had it. Mother is making me a sweet little lawn dress with net sleeves, the first I have ever had, and my sister gave me a sweet little lace waist. Miss Pickford, please don't refuse me. I will pay all express charges."

The Mary Pickford Fly.

A pleasant impression is left on the mind by the following letter from

a 12-year-old girl in the hills of Arkansas. After expressing her love for me in a frank, girlish way that delights me because of its disinterestedness and sincerity, she says:

"Let me tell you something funny. I do not like to take money from mother and papa to go to the picture shows, and so I work for it, and, oh, I bet you could not guess in a hundred years what I do to earn it! Well, as long as I know you can't guess, I will tell you: Mother gives me 1 cent for every fly I kill, and 5 cents for every June bug. Every time mother sees a fly she will call me and say: 'Alleen, here is a Mary Pickford fly.' Alleen, here is that a funny way to make money?"

"It would be lovely to get a letter from you. Some say your eyes are blue, and some say they are brown. Won't you please tell me which. Well, I will have to go set the table for dinner now, so I will close this silly letter."

There is such a cheery spirit of independence in her refusal to take money from her parents that she did not earn by her own efforts that I cannot help sighing because all girls are not like her. These are Pollyanna times, when a girl makes independent effort, cheerfully, goes without uncomplainingly, and it is quite the fashion to laugh over old clothes instead of crying for new.

I am more than proud of my entomological namesake. Because of the effort it stands for in earning money, and the extremely complimentary manner in which the money is spent, I wish there were more "Mary Pickford flies" in the world. Even an ugly, crawly, scratchy June bug becomes an object of admiration when its capture means so much toward replenishing such a treasury.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"What," asks a girl who works in a department store in St. Paul, "do you think the best color and texture for a dress for a working girl?" Black is desirable because no amount of cleaning fades the color; gray is perhaps the best of all, but a trifle old-looking for a young girl. Navy blue is always good. I find it serviceable, and prefer it to any other color. No texture wears as well as serge.

"How long"—and this question comes all the way from the Philippines—"should a widow wear mourning?" Frankly, I do not think she should wear mourning at all. It is heathenish to add to the depression of a household by draping all its female members in crape, and what makes it a greater crime is that this is done at a time when the family treasury is at its lowest point. Sincerity of grief is never dependent on attire.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY TALKS

By *Mary Pickford*

How I Take Care of My Hair.

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A actress who wishes to retain her popularity with both managers and the public must be kept in as perfect physical trim as though she were a race horse. She must never "let herself go." Everything she eats, everything she does, must be done on a purely business basis. If she loves sweets, and they cause pimples, every pimple represents so many dollars out of her pocket; every one shortens her career on the stage, and sweets become a luxury that, no matter how large her salary, she cannot afford. Every enjoyment must be weighed as to its effect on her face or form, and no monk in his cell leads a life of greater self-denial.

I began so early to conserve every physical attraction that there seems now to have been no beginning. I recall once, when on the road alone, a child of ten, finding two small pin-point cavities in my teeth. I was among strangers and in a strange town, but I needed no one to tell me that no good actress ever had poor teeth. I seem to have known it from the day I was born; and alone, and with no one to direct me, hunted up a dentist, had the cavities filled, and fainted in his chair. I am quite sure now that the faint was as much from horror of what it would mean to my career to lose my teeth as it was the pain. I am telling the incident to show how completely the desire to become an actress has always dominated me and controlled all my actions.

A Valuable Asset.

Good hair is a valuable asset in every walk of life, and I have always taken good care of mine. I think so much of hair that I claim I can tell a woman's character by the way she dresses it, and am never an admirer of the woman who loads her hair with combs and ornaments. Let it be its own adornment, and dress it simply. A half hour's brushing produces a luster that is a finer ornament than the most expensive alginate or comb. I can hear some of my letter-girl friends protest that such advice is easy when one has a maid. But I have not always had a maid, and grew so accustomed to waiting on myself in earlier days that a maid seems a useless luxury now. I have been tired at night, too, just like you, and there has been no fire in my room in the hotel, but I have taken good care of my hair religiously, and if circumstances shortened the attention I gave it one night I increased the care the next night. My labor has paid; I am quite sure of this because of the admiration my letter-girl friends express.

Leave It to Nature.

One should never use a bleach or dye. The natural color is prettier than any artificial coloring could ever be. Nature knows best in this, as well as in everything else that concerns her children. I never use oils or hair-dressing of any sort, and I brush my hair two hundred strokes every night. Once every two weeks I wash it, using melted castile soap, but first I give it a good brushing and massage my scalp, taking care to knead my scalp, never to rub it. I begin

at the back of the neck and work up to the crown, to bring the blood to the surface.

I wash it in three soapy waters and rinse in two waters. Then I take two eggs, beating the whites and yellows together, and rub all thoroughly in the scalp and hair till it is frothy. I leave this on five minutes, and then rinse my hair thoroughly three times, the first and second times with lukewarm water, and the third time in cold water in which I have squeezed the juice of half a lemon.

I use rainwater when possible, and when I cannot get it, filtered water makes a good substitute. I dry it in the sun, or with a fan, rubbing vigorously with my hands, and very little with towels, trimming the ends every second washing. I never have dandruff, and have never been able to contribute a similar experience when I hear women complaining that their hair "comes out by the handful." I lose almost none with the most strenuous combings.

When I comb my hair I start at the ends and tease all the snarls out, never jerking, as I have seen women do. I take each curl individually and comb it, and when I have all combed I part my hair in the middle and brush down each side, always remembering when brushing to hold the hair by the middle so there will be no weight of the brush on the roots. Then I bring all my hair forward over my face and brush again.

One should keep one's brush and comb scrupulously clean, using a disinfectant regularly in cleaning both. This is most important, as dandruff and all its attendant ills are the result of untidiness.

It is hard work, I admit, but it pays.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"When I heard you were to be in Nowata," writes an Oklahoma girl of eight, "I just jumped up and down. You see, I love you so! Do you love me, too? Papa says you don't, but mamma says you do." In this instance mother is right.

"Did you once act under the name of Mary Anderson?" a girl asks all the way from South Wales. The wonderful Mary Anderson and poor little me! I am going to ask her to seek that information for herself.

"How much should it require," asks a distressed father in Atlanta, "for a girl to clothe herself well?" I should say less than half of what the girl really thinks, but it will require training for her to see that.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY TALKS

By *Mary Pickford*

How I Manage My Complexion.

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"If you had to be out of doors in twenty-seven varieties of weather," said a friend to me one day, "your complexion would not be so good."

How, then, did she explain, I asked her, the motion pictures taken in rain, in snow, in the heat of the desert, in every season, and in every clime? Did she think the were taken in a studio heated by radiators, or cooled by electric fans, and the storm effects afterward thrown on the screen by some magic? We are exposed to every variety of weather there is, and more than if in other walks of life, for the screen actress has her face burned by an Arizona wind next week and frostbitten in Alaska this week after.

I keep my complexion good not because of favorable conditions in my profession, but in spite of conditions that are not favorable. I fight for a good, clear skin, and I fight constantly, never following fad in a spasmodic fashion, and then walling, after the manner of my sex, if I get no results.

I can almost say I never use soap on my face, but at late candid confession that I use physicians and surgeons' soap once a month, but after using it I rinse well first with warm water, then with cold water, adding a liberal application of cold cream. In preparing to go out on a windy day I apply cold cream, dusting my face with rice powder after it has been wiped off. Talcum is not good for the skin. I never use it. Neither do I use a powder puff. With the best of care they soon become soiled and infectious, a danger unknown if one uses a small piece of absorbent cotton which is never used the second time.

A Winning Fight.

My rules for caring for my face every night are so long and with so many dittos that to the uninterested they must read like a tax assessor's report. I know that when I am tired I seem about as long getting to the end as if I were reading a bill of sale.

Every night before going to bed I cover my face and neck with cold cream, wiping it off with a soft towel. This I do till the last towel shows that every trace of soil has been removed. I follow this with an application of a wash rag that has been dipped in hot water, patting it gently on my face and neck, never rubbing it. I next iron my face, neck, ears and throat with a small piece of ice, till I am fairly crimson, taking care in this, as in other means, always to rub with an upward motion. This is the ounce of prevention. My facial muscles will not begin to sag for many years, I trust; by rubbing the face upward a woman delays this dreaded period, and I am simply taking a precaution by never neglecting this important feature of the toilet that all girls should take.

It is very important never to rub the face roughly, especially around the eyes. I have made a study of the care of the skin, having to take especial precaution because of so much grease paint. Many days I have to keep a make-up on from eight to twelve hours, and if I did not follow certain rules of treatment faithfully

my skin would become hopelessly tough and wrinkled.

After applying the ice I put a coating of buttermilk on my face, arms and hands, which I leave on all night. The buttermilk prevents sunburn and keeps the skin white. In winter I use cold cream on my hands generously.

There are evenings when I return from the studio feeling and looking too tired to keep the inevitable evening engagement. I do not want to look tired. It is not becoming to even a young girl to look tired. So that I may erase every mark of fatigue from my face, I go through as strenuous a treatment as if I were physically ill.

A warm bath is followed by a cold shower and alcohol rub. Then I lie down in a dark room for twenty minutes. If I can't take that much time, fifteen, and even ten minutes, work wonderful cures. I relax every muscle and compel myself to forget every annoyance of the day. I always have a cloth soaked in ice water and witch hazel lying across my eyes, and when my time for rest is up and I must dress, it is not the same girl who gets into her evening dress who climbed so wearily into her bathtub less than an hour before.

I feel refreshed and happy, with an invigoration that is mental as well as physical. "You do not look," my friends say, "as if you had done an hour's work. All day." And because I do not feel it, I do not resent it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"I have two pretty daughters," a mother writes me from Sacramento. "Fourteen and twelve years of age. I do not want them to waste the best part of life falling in and out of love. What is the ounce of prevention?" Teach them to go about their business, and see that each girl has a business to go about. If she has nothing to occupy her mind, naturally she will occupy it with a man. Teach her there are other interests in life without letting her know she is being taught.

"Could you be happy if you were very poor?" comes a rather plaintive query from Montana. Wouldn't I still have the woods, and wouldn't I still have the sun? Does the man who owns the woods get as much pleasure out of them as I do?

"My eyes are failing, and a friend tells me that he got good glasses at the ten-cent store. Do you think this is possible?" Certainly not, and I am surprised that any one in a State with such a high percentage of literacy as Kansas asks the question. Go to a good oculist.

Mary Pickford.



MOTHERING MOTHER.

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LOTTIE and Jack and I were born within four years, so that we were babies together. Perhaps this is the most convenient way. At least it seemed lovely to us to have each other to play with, and I know that our mother never thought, even in her saddest and most hard-pressed times, that she had a baby too many. Her arms were full, and so was her heart; so full of love and care for us that there was never time for worry or repining. We helped her in the only way children may help—with our love for her and for each other. We three came so closely on one another's heels so closely on one another's heels that there was never a baby in the family after we had started to grow up, and as my incessant work on the stage left little time for dolls, my maternal instinct, denied a doll, a baby brother, or a baby sister on which to sprout and thrive, turned to mothering my mother. Sounds odd, doesn't it, but it is really very nice, and I wonder how many of my little girl friends have tried it.

You see, it is just this way: Every human being on earth wants some one to turn to in time of trouble. We just naturally have to have some one in the world who will "poor dear" us. Father turns to mother when things go wrong in that mysterious downtown where he spends his days; we children run to mother with every real and imaginary ache, but mother? How about mother?

She is so content with her husband and children she doesn't realize she needs sympathy, but she enjoys appreciation more than any one else on earth, and perhaps it is because it is so rare.

A Real Deprivation.

I was away from my mother for so many years that I couldn't enjoy the fun of making her select becoming bonnets; of demanding that she spend more on herself and less on the family; of "doing" her hair in the latest fashion, and sternly forbidding the little tightly-twisted doorknob style of coiffure into which neglected mothers sometimes drop. I couldn't have any of this fun, and it is greater pleasure than dressing dolls ever was, believe me. Dolls don't get a little pink glow in their cheeks at every little attention. Dolls don't get a tender little look in their eyes, and dolls don't give nice little hugs and say, "I have the dearest daughter in the world." Oh, no, none of this from any one on earth but one's mother.

I couldn't be with her, as more fortunate girls are, but I did the next best thing—I sent her every cent I earned above my bare living expenses that she might buy all the nice, pretty things she wanted, but she never bought any. She saved the money for us. Isn't that just like a mother?

When I was getting \$25 a week on the road, out of which I had to pay for meals, sleeper, railroad fare and clothes, I sent \$25 every week to my mother. At one time, when I was 10 and Lottie was

9, and I was permitted, because of my youth, to have a maid, she traveled with me in that capacity. We were so little we got half rates at the hotels, but we were not too little to do our own laundry work once we were safely inside our room and the door locked.

On one occasion, we had been kept too busy to get a money order, and our money had accumulated in a fashion that made our eyes bulge with both fear and pride. We had reached our room in a hotel in Baltimore one night when we decided to count our wealth. Stuffing paper in the keyhole and in the cracks of the door, we sat down on the floor and spread out our pile. Sixty-three dollars in one-dollar bills! Was there ever before so much money in the world?

The Burden of Wealth.

Then we sat and looked at each other gravely. Murder had been committed for less money. It was not safe to carry it with us a day longer. I am sure if it had not been late at night we'd have hunted up a postoffice at that hour. It never occurred to us that the hotel had a safe for our convenience, and if it had I am sure we would not have trusted it. Rolling the bills into tight little wads, we stuffed them in the toes of our shoes and then crept into bed. The next morning bright and early found us on the way to a postoffice, where a money order was bought and our wealth was sent to our mother.

It never occurred to me to ask what she did with it. It never occurred to me at any time that I might have a longer feather or a prettier suit if I sent her nothing more than my love. You see, I was mothering my mother; making life as easy for her as I could, and I thoroughly enjoyed doing it.

Try it. It is the one investment in love that never fails to pay big returns.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"My father has married again," a troubled girl writes me from Florida, "and will bring a step-mother here next week. Would you advise me to leave home?"

Certainly not. I am quite sure you will find a second mother in her and that you will be repaid if you welcome her in that spirit.

"Indulgence" writes me from Salem, Oregon, that her face is covered with pimples. I am quite sure that if she gives herself a new nickname—"Self-denial"—the pimples will disappear. She has been indulging in sweets that are not good for her.

Mary Pickford.



THE TOP BUREAU DRAWER.

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IHAVE heard of homes where the popular family joke concerned the top bureau drawer, it being considered funny—and sometimes true—to say that anything lost in the house or yard, from the garden rake to the baby's bottle, could be found in that much-crowded space. I have never personally known such homes, but I have heard of girls who kept their belongings in such a mass of confusion that I have heard it could have been quite possible in looking for a thing to stir and stir the contents with a stick, like an old woman stirring a kettle, and the desired article would finally bubble to the surface.

There is a neatness and compactness about railroad time tables that have a good effect on every one compelled to study them, and the traveling salesman carries a sample case that is as precisely arranged. He knows he would lose a sale on an article if, after getting the customer interested, he should have to spend a half hour finding the article he wanted to sell.

In a perhaps less important way I learned when traveling that I must have a commanding knowledge of the whereabouts of everything in my trunk and suit case, and the experience was so valuable that I still know just where to put my hand on every article I possess. There is never time in life to do all one wants to do, so why waste a minute in searching for that which never should have been lost?

To clean house in dresser drawers is always a treat to me, and occasionally my rare leisure at home is spent that way. It is the little girl instinct in me that make me delight in smoothing and rolling up ribbons and placing them in neat little piles in a box kept for that purpose. I have a passion for looking over handkerchiefs to see if they are neatly folded and there is no little rent in them, of admiring them and enjoying them. I don't know what it is to find a glove strayed from its mate, or to see them rolled up tightly in a ball.

Little bags of sachet kept among all these little intimate possessions make them a greater joy, and while delicate colored silk and satin bags are a pleasure, one need not go to that expense if one cannot afford it. I have heard of girls who produce the same pleasing effect by making sachet bags of cotton and cheesecloth. A strip of cotton, torn apart and the sachet introduced, and all of it sewed up in cheesecloth, is an inexpensive toilet requisite, and one need have no qualms of conscience about throwing all away when the scent has faded.

A very neat girl I know keeps all her

powder cans and boxes in a larger box because of their leaky habits, and it sounds like a good plan, doesn't it? If powder has upset over a ribbon, it can never be all brushed out. Indeed, it is her opinion (and I wish you could see how neatly she keeps house in her dresser drawers!) that boxes, innumerable and all sizes, are the secret of dresser-drawer neatness, though they do not look as interesting as glimpses of laces and ribbons.

I do not like to keep an article for which I have no use if it can be of any use to some other, though often, because of my crowded days, they do accumulate. The moth is an ungrateful little pest, and one knows no inspiration to unselfishness in feeding him. If he kept a diary of what he gets to eat every day, and it were printed alongside the story of some other person's needs, how it would shame those who have fed him!

One learns when on the road many reasons why one should "travel light." The reasons are as good, and as obvious, why one should "travel light" all through life. A confusion of useless belongings neither means wealth nor peace of mind.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Evangeline writes from Quebec to ask for a curl of my hair. I am sorry not to be able to give it. It is a pleasant thought that any one thinks enough of me to want it, but curls do not grow rapidly, and if I were to give to all who ask I am quite sure no one would admire me. And it is quite essential for a girl in the films to be admired by the girls who see her pictures.

John Molan, of Buffalo, writes me that he gets \$100 a month, and don't I think that \$25 of it is enough to keep up all household expenses for a wife and two children. It would be useless for me to tell Mr. Molan, for I do not know. Why not try it himself for just one month and then report.

A dear little girl writes me from Detroit that she has been told we of the screen never work after dusk. I have been in the studio as late as midnight many a time.

Mary Pickford.



A SENSE OF HUMOR.

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IHAVE great sympathy with the housekeeper who complains that there are days when even the frying pan and the broom are out of sorts and possessed with a desire to hamper her in her work.

We of the screen know just how she feels, for if a spirit of contrariness ever controls inanimate objects it is right here in the studio. It looks some days as if the property arranged for one reel deliberately creeps off and gets misplaced when wanted for a second appearance, and as if it were not enough to worry and hamper the director and the stage hands, this same little imp of contrariness intrudes in the dressing room, causes the brush to snarl up the hair it is supposed to straighten, hides the make-up grease and induces the jar of cold cream to fall to the floor with a smash.

I think it begins with the weather. The director has given orders that we who are his human tools be prepared to go out on a location, which means a day spent in taking pictures out of doors. We are up earlier, feeling happier because of the order, and find clouds or rain.

A Veritable Bedlam.

This sudden change in plans doesn't make any one glad he is alive, and we retire to our dressing rooms, waiting for a call to go on in a great big, noisy studio, typewriters clicking in all the little rooms bordering the big room in the center; carpenters tearing down the Italian villa of yesterday and using the pieces to make a backwoodsman's cabin to be used tomorrow; men shouting at their helpers and scolding at the boys; a hammering and sawing and scolding and shouting and a clicking of typewriters that combine to make a maddening roar, and there, with all that noise engulfing us, to make love in a way that causes young hearts to anticipate and old hearts to grow reminiscent; to die in a fashion that will bring tears, or to do something that will bring a laugh when we couldn't hear ourselves laugh although we had the chest power of Niagara.

It is very trying to concentrate under these maddening conditions, and we could not do as well as we do if it were not for a sense of humor. I think this trick of finding something funny in every situation is one of the first lessons stage folks learn. There are discouragements to begin with; they must learn to laugh at them or they can never get on, and this laugh habit stays with them to the end.

Peculiar to the Profession.

I am quite sure that no other profession or occupation develops this sense of humor as surely as the theatrical. One thing that convinces me is the sight of the waiting room every morning through which I pass on my way to my dressing room. There are seats along the wall, and sitting in them are old men and old women who have seen their best days and who now must act not to win fame, but to eat! The tragedy of their circumstances appalls me, but I do not believe they take the situation as seriously as I, for they sit back in their chairs and laugh heartily at one another's

jokes as if they regarded the wait for a chance to earn the day's bread as the rarest of witticisms. They are optimistic to a dangerous extreme. The touch of hunger today never destroys their faith in a banquet tomorrow. They are like eager little children, and one would think to see their bright, interested eyes, that the call they are hoping for is to understudy some star instead of an obscure part given them largely from a sense of compassion.

They learned well their lesson in laughing at difficulties, and I thank heaven they did. It is a fine thing to meet troubles and reverse bravely, and it is a finer thing also to laugh. The new philosophy that makes a sense of humor the crowning human trait is the kind that appeals to me. It seems to me parents should go farther than say "Don't cry" to their children. They should say instead, "Laugh."

The child taught to laugh is happier, healthier and brighter. Particularly is good humor a matter of health if present at one's meals. My mother never permitted any scolding, cross words, bad news or wrangling at the dining-room table. We did not always have the luxuries that we craved, but we were taught to eat what was served us with a merry, contented spirit. An overdone steak or an underdone potato harms no one if a laugh goes with it. A laugh always went with ours.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To L. M. B., of Atlanta, Ga., who is discouraged because two scenarios have been returned: Don't feel that way if twenty have been rejected. Put them away for a month, then rewrite and send out again.

Columbia University, New York City, now ranks as the largest school in the world. I am making the statement to settle a controversy between two young men who write me from Glasgow, Scotland. Naturally the news is not pleasing to their loyalty, but the figures of the enrollment at the opening of the school year in September prove it.

"Heartbroken," a young girl in Cincinnati, makes me long to scold her. Hearts do not break because a six-weeks' lover (she says he has been devoted six weeks) is paying attention to some other girl. Hearts of the kind this tired old world needs are braver and stronger than that. If "Heartbroken" will wipe away her tears and look around her, she will see that these are no longer the days when girls pine. They cheer up and learn to look on their disappointment as only another broadening experience.

Mary Pickford.



FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

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IN my opinion, there is no relationship in the world so filled with possibilities of mutual helpfulness as that of father and daughter.

The mother warns. The father, in a larger sense, protects. If her life has been the sheltered one of the majority of women she can only judge men by her father, her husband, her brothers and her sons. Seeing no evil in them, she lacks the instinct of detecting it in others, for her experience all through life has been only with men who are honorable; he knows more dishonorable men in one day than she dreams the whole world holds.

I never see a man with his daughter hanging lovingly on his arm that I do not want to cheer. It means so much more to her than either dreams of now, and it must mean a great deal to the wife and mother at home to know that such perfect comradeship exists between the two she loves most. But it is not all cheer in my heart. I must confess to a feeling akin to envy, for I have no father.

An Unfading Memory.

He died when I was four, and I was his favorite child. If there are any who believe a child forgets in a day look at me and learn that the memory of childhood unhappily is longer. I did not forget him in a day. I never forgot him, and the plays in which I appeared as a child unfortunately had the lines to remind me of my loss.

In "Silver King," in which I first appeared, the first lines I ever spoke on the stage were to the man who took the part of a father to me. The next play was "East Lynne," in which I played the little boy who died, and at five I was dying every night as Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and although I died in a most realistic manner, I never had an encore to do it again. It always fell to me to play death scenes, and I grew up with the ambition to see everybody in tears, for then I knew that I had died well.

There is one place where Little Eva holds out her arms, and says: "Papa, I am coming." At a rehearsal one afternoon, when my father had been dead only a year, I held out my arms and with all the pathos I could put into my voice cried, "Papa, I am coming."

There was a loud and prolonged howl from a seat down in front. It grew to be a shriek, and the rehearsal stopped, and every one ran. It was my sister, Lottie. Every one was getting puzzled and alarmed, for she continued to shriek. They finally calmed her down, and between sobs and more shrieks she told the reason. "I don't want my sister Guddy to die any more," she cried.

Now I claim that was genuine praise of my art. A cousin about the same age really believed I died and begged to go to the funeral. Praise from one's relatives is so complimentary that I relate the two tributes.

An Incomplete Ending.

I do not blame Lottie. I cried myself the first time I played it, but for a more creditable reason. She didn't want me to die; I cried because when I had gone to the pains of dying I didn't go to heaven. In a production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" which I had seen before taking part myself there was a translation scene. This was cut out by the manager of the company that engaged me, and I cried bitterly the first night to find that after dying I still lay on the couch instead of being drawn up to heaven on a beautiful pale pink cloud. I felt cheated.

My stage life was my whole life and I was constantly being reminded by the death of a stage father; by the change of a stage father every season or by my characterization of an orphan that I had no real father of my very own. Other children in the company had fathers. I used to peek through the curtain at them, and see them sitting down in front, looking so big and proud, and after the performance sometimes they would come up behind the scenes and kiss their children and praise them and hug them, while I stood looking on, realizing that a stage father no more fills the real longing than a stage supper takes the place of a real meal.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To Harold J., of Duluth, Minn.: I think the fashion is changing somewhat. Several years ago it was the thing for a young man to send roses with such long stems the capacity of every deep vase in the house was taxed, but these days smaller bouquets are proving more popular. Not only are they daintier, but they have the practical advantage of costing less.

To "Anxious Mother," writing me from Boston: I do not think you do right by keeping from your husband your anxiety about the character of your daughter's suitor. He is the one who should know first of all. Tell him all and share the awful responsibility.

If "Middle-aged," writing from Oshkosh, Wis., will try getting out of doors every day and away from the little troubles of life she will find herself better fitted to cope with the larger ones. There is always danger that we will grow into a morbid state by sitting in the house and measuring the world by our four walls.

Mary Pickford.



THE MAGIC IN A CLOTHES BRUSH.

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WHEN I was about ten years of age and Lottie was nine, financial reasons caused a separation of the family, Lottie and I signing up with one company and mother and Jack with another.

This was hard for us in more ways than one, and I am quite sure every little girl of ten who tries to keep her buttons sewed on herself will appreciate what a hardship it was in one particular way. Traveling is hard on the clothes, and if it had not been for a little workbox we carried with us and a good stiff clothes brush we could not have completed the season all in one piece.

I think every girl should mend and brush her clothes as soon as she takes them off, but this was not possible with us for the reason that it was often midnight before we reached our hotel room and at least five days in a week we had to start out by seven the next morning. The repairing and cleaning became tasks for little odd minutes during the day, and I am proud to say they were never neglected although the time they required was taken out of the few hours we had for outdoor exercise. I cannot advise girls from experience, but this is what I would do if my life were ordained in a normal way:

An Excellent Practice.

When taking off my clothes at night I would make careful mental note of every loose hook and eye, of every button hanging by a thread and of every bit of frayed or missing binding. I would not hang the garment in a closet where "out of sight, out of mind" would cause me to forget it, but would place it over a chair till morning. Then, with the bright light of day showing every sign of wear, I would mend and sew on buttons and hooks and eyes and, this being done, would spread the garment over the ironing board and carefully press it.

A solution of very weak ammonia and water will freshen up a garment, but care should be taken not to use enough ammonia to discolor. Gasoline is a dangerous thing, and I never advise any one to use it. Women will argue that it is safe when there is no fire in the house, and maintain this argument in the face of fatalities caused almost every day by the combination of gasoline and friction.

If the garment is discolored only by dust, a vigorous shaking and a stiff brushing with the clothes brush will work miracles. A little care will make an expensive garment look dainty and new, and the lack of it will spoil the effect the most expensive garment might otherwise produce.

Never hang a garment away that needs attention. The hour always comes when you have to don it in a hurry, and your neglect looms up to shame you. This is sure as fate. It is the Nemesis of the wardrobe; a little Nemesis, it is true, but one that torments you as painfully and as surely as the great big ones we all fear.

Commendable Magic.

I sometimes think that when a girl is careless with her clothes a reform could

be accomplished by giving her some article of clothing she particularly longs for and making her prove by her care of it that she is worthy of more. It seems to me that my faithful attention to the needle and the whiskbroom began with the possession of a baby lambskin coat my mother made me that season.

She bought the skins and stretched them and cut them and made the coats, every bit of work herself, doing it while on the road with Jack. It took every spare moment for four weeks, and when the coats came—for there was one for Lottie, too—we were the proudest girls in New York. We did not sit down at all the first day we wore them, and I can recall standing up in a street car all the way from 104th street downtown, holding on to a strap with vacant seats all around us.

"I wonder," I heard some woman say, "why these two little girls don't sit down. It makes me nervous to see them standing like that."

We didn't sit down for fear we might crease our new coats. We sat down less that season than at any other time in our lives, and we never grew tired when standing. The coats called for well-brushed skirts, well-dusted hats and neatly polished shoes to go with them, and we got up early and mended and brushed that the call might never be in vain.

There's magic in a clothes brush and a needle, and I love the girl, or boy either, who works the magic without calling for help from mother.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Maude M. writes from Rushville, Ill., to ask for good chafing dish recipes. I will get out my cook books and write them for this column some day soon, although it has been my experience that almost any good appetizing dish may be cooked in a chafing dish. Ask mother. Out of her experience with the stewpot and the frying pan there should come wonderful savory dishes that may be made over an alcohol blaze.

Lillian Morris, of Binghamton, N. Y., wants to specialize in a foreign language and asks me to make the selection for her. That is not easy to do, but if her desire is founded on commercial reasons I would suggest Spanish. There is a great future for those versed in that language in South America and—when the turmoil is ended—nearer home, in Mexico.

Mrs. R. S. D., with tears in her eyes I am quite sure, writes from Louisville, Ky., that she has told of her troubles with her husband to her mother, her aunt and her sister, and none can suggest a way to help her. Perhaps that is one source of the troubles—telling them to so many. Try the more sane way of saying less about them.

Mary Pickford.



THE GIFT HABIT.

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I WISH Uncle Sam could take a census of the patrons of his parcel post. I think it would prove my claim that 90 per cent of them are of my sex and at least 55 per cent of the packages they send away are presents.

He made this transportation of packages at less expense to us to be kind, but was it kindness? It makes it easier for us to make gifts, and we have the habit now in such a deadly, exaggerated form that any increase of it will prove fatal.

Every woman has such a long string of friends and relatives to whom, for some altogether illogical reason, she feels she must make gifts that she is kept in a perpetual state of bankruptcy. The red ring around December 25 is not the only mark on the calendar apparent to her vision. There are rings for all her relatives' birthdays and wedding anniversaries and for many of the birthdays and wedding anniversaries of her friends.

She has the very wrong notion that she can't prove her regard for any one unless a gift goes with it, and more often the gift is sent to prove a regard that doesn't exist. It is the source of more hypocrisy than any other social custom, and I feel like applauding the woman brave enough to say she cannot afford, morally or financially, to follow it.

Carrying Coals to Newcastle.

I do not mean by this that I think we should never give to each other, but I do mean we should never give extravagantly or so promiscuously that there is no way of judging by the tissue-paper-wrapped package we send if it goes to an enemy or to a friend.

We spend altogether too much effort and time in sending gifts to friends which they do not want, cannot use and which create only an unpleasant feeling of obligation. If all that effort and time were devoted simply to being kind, don't you think it would count for more?

If instead of the costly robe for the buggy of a wealthy friend's baby we sent two representing the same outlay to babies of the poor wouldn't it be a little more sane? Don't you really think that we take entirely too many coals to Newcastle?

I am trying to take less, and wish you would help me with your moral support. Let us give to those who need, and I do not mean only in the season that is coming, but all the year around. We might, following the strictly feminine fashion of doing nothing without first organizing a club with that object in view, form a No-Coals-to-Newcastle Club, and give, and give lovingly and freely, but only to those in need of the little we have to offer.

Real and Fancied Obligations.

It hurts me to see a little child insuffi-

ciently clad and to know that some child in the next block has clothes stored away to feed the moths and more coming every mail by parcel post. I am glad the one child is so fortunate, but always regret that, with a mother and father to care for it so luxuriously, the uncles and aunts and cousins and friends don't turn their parcel-post offerings to the child in tragic need.

It is the one thing I would like to do if I could—take care of every little child of the poor—but since that is impossible I am glad that with the assistance of my many friends all over the world we can make life pleasanter for a great, great many.

It will also simplify our own lives and help us to distinguish the difference between a real and a fancied obligation. We can give with greater thought of the need of the recipient when we do not give to so many; we can learn to look ourselves in the eyes and know that we are sincere.

I am glad of the opportunity to say this in due season. It would be as foolish to say it in January as it would be to give a friend a formula for preserving rose petals in December.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

To Mabel L., of Shreveport, La.: Hats are trimmed more simply this season. If you have, as you say, a broad-brimmed velvet hat from last season, take the ostrich feather off it, buy a little fur to go around the crown and add a small bunch of flowers, or a single flower, on one side where the ends meet. If you do not want this outlay, you may retrim with the ostrich feather, putting it on so that it lies close to the brim.

"I am sixteen," writes A. R. P., of Helena, Mont., "and mother says I am too young to go out with a beau unless she accompanies me. What do you think about it?"

I think your mother is right. You will think so some day, and you may save yourself great sorrow by trying to think so now.

"What kind of hair bleach would you recommend for my daughter?" asks a woman from St. Paul, Minn., who signs herself "Proud Mother."

I would not recommend any. I do not think a hair bleach should be used under any circumstances.

Mary Pickford.



MY FIRST INTERVIEW.

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I WAS always so small for my age that when I was eight I did not look to be more than five or six, so you can imagine what an odd-looking scene it must have been when I, little more than a baby, sat in a big chair in a hotel lobby and answered the questions asked of me with great solemnity by a great big man newspaper reporter.

It was in a town in Connecticut, and it was my very first interview. I have been interviewed hundreds of times since then, but no interview has ever had to me the great importance of that. It meant that I was securing recognition, and I was not too young to know what that meant, for the importance of securing the approval of the press is appreciated by every actor, from the oldest veteran who has won his laurels to the youngest recruit.

He asked me how long I had been on the stage. And when I replied that I had been an actress a long, long time, since I was five, he was much impressed.

A Youthful Ambition.

"What," he asked, "is your ambition? Of course, you have one?"

I was very dignified in my reply. My ambition was to be a great tragedienne. I wanted to stab everybody and stab myself and then die. "Wouldn't it," I asked him, "be grand to have everybody die, and then, having no one else to kill, to die oneself in the plaudits of the audience ringing in one's ears?"

I sighed rapturously, and when, a little surprised at such gawdesome ambitions, he asked if I wouldn't rather make my audience laugh, I replied that I liked to see people laugh, but it took greater talent to make them cry.

"I have never seen anybody die," I said, "but I can imagine it. You just give three gasps and a cackle, and fall back, and it is all over."

I did not see then why he laughed so heartily, but I see now. If I could see him now I would like to tell him that I still delight in working on the heart-strings of my audience, but I give up all of my own heart in doing it, and when I make people cry I am crying with them. It is this perfect sympathy between us that helps me do so well.

The film actress is not interviewed as often as the one who takes speaking parts, and the reason is obvious. I am appearing in theaters all over the world tonight (Isn't that an impressive thought?), but not one of me could talk to the reporters, as much as all of me would like to.

A Tribute to Newspaper Folk.

I like newspaper people. They have always been so kind to me and they are so fair. When I remember in what a great rush every bit of newspaper work is done I marvel that they make so few mistakes. We couldn't put on a scene

in a hurry and get it right, but an experience newspaper man will "get wind," as they say, of an item, run it down, write it and have in on the front sheet of his paper, columns of it all graphically told and perfect in every detail, within less than an hour.

I appreciate the strain under which they work, and try to make my little contributions easier for them by clearness and accuracy. That is why I told my first interviewer the complete story of my life. That is why I made no secret of my hopes and my ambitions. I have that interview yet. I have a big scrapbook in which all my interviews are pasted and I enjoy reading none of them so much as this.

I remember when he had asked me a great many questions—in what plays had I appeared, what was my favorite character, did I travel by myself, did I never feel stage fright, and also my opinion (fancy it!) of some of the leading questions of the day—he gravely assisted me from the chair, which was so much too large for me, to my feet; shook hands with me and said good afternoon.

He could not have been nicer if I had been a grown actress with a haughty manner and a train.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. L. K. J. writes from a little country town near Birmingham, Ala., that it is impossible in the stores there to get a good complexion wash.

But in the country there are cows and churns, and buttermilk, and nothing is better for the skin than fresh, pure buttermilk.

Mona Howe, of Decatur, Ill., wants to know if I think it foolish for a girl to get a Hope Box ready, though she has no sweetheart.

Certainly not. Every girl prepares a Hope Box in her heart, so why not a real one with a collection of one's prettiest embroidered towels, pretty dollies, and all the other little dainties girls accumulate and which are not needed in their girlhood home?

I do not agree with "Aunt Sarah," writing from Lynn, Mass., that women should never wear veils. It is possible to get them with a mesh so fine the eyesight is not injured, and they are really a necessity on a windy day in keeping stray hairs in place.

Mary Pickford.



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HOW I SURPRISED MY MOTHER.

A DEAR little letter from a girl away out West who has taken me into her confidence reminds me of something I did to please my mother when I was about her age. She writes that she gets two dollars a week helping her mother with the housework before going to school, and that she is putting a dollar of it away every week to send her mother on a trip to Butte in the spring as a surprise. Her mother, she adds, hasn't been away from the farm in seven years.

I know the pleasure she will have when she gives her mother the money. All the self-denial will be forgotten, and she will be repaid so fully that I hope other girls will plan some surprise for mother, even though it be necessarily smaller. It is an experience that is most delightful. This was my surprise:

I was with the Biograph company and we were going to California to take pictures. I had planned to room with one of the girls of the company, each serving as the other's chaperon, but Jack spoiled all our plans at the station. He cried to go. I refused to take him. Mamam said: "You can't go, Jack. You have no clothes with you."

How Jack Prevailed.

"Can't you loan me a nightgown for tonight," Jack whimpered, "and buy me some clothes in Chicago?"

I refused, and he began to cry, and mamma, whose heart is so soft, began to take his side. "Poor little fellow," she said. "Take him with you." I said I would not. Then a gentleman who was with us said he would give Jack half his berth. I still refused, for I thought he would be a great care. I kissed mamma and Jack goodbye, and got on the train. Just as it was starting mamma gave a push, and pushed Jack on with me, and I had to take him. I was glad afterward, for, though he didn't earn much, he helped me with my surprise.

He used to make five dollars a day every once in a while, and he gave all his money to me. I earned money in other ways than acting that season. I wrote scenarios, and when one day Jack and I took a scenario to the Biograph company and it was refused. I felt rather disheartened. Then Jack and I put our heads together. As a result we rode out to where the Selig company had a studio, and I disposed of two scenarios for forty

dollars, the larger one for twenty-five and the smaller for fifteen.

A Real Triumph.

I remember how proud I was when I came back and showed that forty dollars to the Biograph people. We saved every cent of it, and almost every cent we earned, for we lived as economically as we could, and when we returned to New York I had saved, I think, about \$1,300.

That last day in the studio when any one wanted change the cashier would say: "Haven't any today. Mary has been getting all the \$50 bills, so we might as well close up the office."

I went home and told mamma to go in the kitchen. Then I arranged all my bills in a circle on the table and called her.

She looked surprised. "Mary," she asked, "where on earth did you get such an awful lot of money? That is not real money. It is stage money, isn't it?"

"It is real money," I answered—and I think by this time she was hugging me—"and it is what I saved for you while in California."

The little girl out in Montana will experience in the spring a taste of the joy I felt then.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A young man writing from Tacoma wants to know the color of my eyes.

They are hazel. I hope the reply does not disappoint him.

"Two Sweethearts," who are so complimentary they think I am much wiser than I am, write me that he is a Presbyterian and she a Baptist, and ask on which church they should unite after marriage.

Such important matters should be adjusted by those most interested.

Lillian M., of New Orleans, cries herself to sleep every night because she is growing stout.

Wouldn't it be better, instead of crying about it, to give up eating pastry, sweets and potatoes?

Mary Pickford.



THE POWER OF CONCENTRATION.

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THE girls who can accomplish great things with their needles and crochet hooks in odd moments during the day are great wonders to me, for the reason that I can never do anything like that. Somehow I don't seem to have any moments that are odd.

It has always been an ambition of mine to sew, and I have made a few things, but not many compared with what most girls of my age make. The girl who can sew can dress better than the girl who can't on one-third less money, and it must be a wonderful thing to say, just off-hand as if it wasn't anything at all: "Oh, yes, I made that blouse, embroidery and all. That's nothing; I have made finer ones than that." And in the meanwhile you are breathless with admiration over the tiny, neat little stitches. To be able to say: "Oh, that's nothing," about anything so exquisite must be a great reward for the labor and an immense joy.

I once made a bureau scarf, and at another time I embroidered a little corner on a towel. I finished it. I always finish what I begin, but I don't find many odd moments in which to begin very much.

A Mistaken Impression.

"But you must have a great deal of spare time in your studio between calls," said a girl to me one day. She had made a crocheted bedspread, embroidered goodness knows how many towels with birds and flowers and scallops, and had put all the family monograms on all the family's bed and table linen and wrapped both her grandmothers' rheumatism in soft warm shawls she had knitted, all

in a year, and was stenographer in her father's office besides. And all I had to exhibit was a bureau scarf and one little corner of a towel!

I wish I could catch little odd moments and make them accomplish as much as that, but what she and you might think were moments not engaged are really full of work for me. For when I am rehearsing for a certain character, I am that character, and no imagination is strong enough to be, for instance, a Tess, who between the tragic scenes of her life on the film is engaged in her studio in punching eyelets in a table cover.

When I am Tess, I am Tess all the time. When not before the camera, I am in my studio thinking and breathing Tess, putting myself in her place, experiencing her sorrows and feeling too courageous and brave, too full of fight to sit down and match silks and zephyrs.

A Personal Reproof.

At one time I bought a lovely set of books to read in my studio. I gave myself a lecture. I often do that, you know.

"Mary Pickford," I said sternly, "life is short, and yet look at all the time you waste! Get some lovely books in your studio. Read them between calls and improve your mind. I really am ashamed of you, Mary Pickford, that you have not done this before."

Then, as I said, I got the books. I tried to read them. I gave myself more lectures, just as sternly, but it was of no use. I just have to spend the time between calls in doing nothing more serious than talking to a friend or writing letters, and most of the time I don't do that much.

I suppose it is because I am engaged in concentration. If I were called "Mary" when putting on Cinderella, I would not answer as quickly as if I had been called by the name of my film character. I tell you this to show you how completely my work takes me out of myself and how absolutely it controls me. I have tried to read, I have tried to sew, I have tried to embroider, but when I do these things my mind is not occupied with my scenario work as it should be, and, to me, that seems the more important.

I am sure it is more important, for I have heard great big men in the business world say concentration is the secret of success, and I remember my grandmother was always saying that no one could do two things at once and do them well.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Anna J., a schoolgirl of Sandusky, O., writes a letter in which she says she envies me most of all because of the wonderful trips I take abroad every year.

I have never been abroad. I have not had time to go. It is a pleasure I am looking forward to, for I have so many dear little letter friends in England. I confess I would rather see them than the scenery.

I agree with a young man writing from Helena, Ark., that it is a bad habit to bite the lips to make them red. It spoils the shape and lips reddened that way do not remain red longer than a few minutes. He is right in his contention with his sister that if she will think more and look more carefully after her health the color will come to her lips in the natural way.

"Ambitious Girl," with her home in the Big Stone Basin of Wyoming, can increase her vocabulary by learning two or three new words a day. It isn't necessary to go to school to do this.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY
TALKSBy
Mary Pickford

THANKSGIVING.

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Coming home from "location" today, we rode through Connecticut. It was dusk. The moon was like a Chinese lantern hung in the sky, and the air was crisp and bracing. We drove past fields where the corn was still stacked and the big golden pumpkins lay on the ground. Then one by one the lights in the cozy little homes were glowing through the windows, and I envied the people who could eat their Thanksgiving dinner in the country, realizing that we were among the unfortunate thousands cramped into a New York apartment.

It is the eve of Thanksgiving. Tomorrow from our kitchen will come the spicy odor of the mince, and when the oven opens, the sizzling in the pan will be the king of the barnyard browned to a turn. Mother will be there superintending the basting, for there has never come into our household one who could cook as well as our mother, and on Thanksgiving we all clamor for the good things that bring back memories of our childhood.

As we gather around the table, I know we will talk about the many Thanksgivings of the past—thankless Thanksgivings, empty, lonely and dreary. Those were the years after my father died. Today our harvest is full. Success has come, but it is not the material success we are thankful for. It is the joy of knowing that we four—Mother, Lottie, Jack and I—shall always be together.

In a theatrical company there are always merry-makers, but when the holidays come we long for a home, and in the past there were years spent playing one-night stands. The ghosts of those days rise up and make me shudder, and then I think when we were tired and cross and blue how mother used to say to us, "Lambkins, keep your face toward the sun—the shadows will fall behind you."

A Stage Thanksgiving Feast.

I remember one year at the holiday season, mother, Lottie, Jack, and I were playing in the same company, far from home, in a bleak and friendless city. Those were the barnstorming days of the melodrama. There were some tense and trying scenes in the first two acts, but it all ended happily in the last, the curtain going down as we sat before a well-laden table—a Thanksgiving feast. Of course, there was a turkey, big and plump and brown, and all the goodies to go with it. But alas! that same turkey had been served to us for ten performances a week for the last year and mother could carve from his cardboard side nothing but a few slices of banana which were lying there ready to be served. From the audience we could hear the murmur as they watched us eating our mock turkey with feigned relish. "Thanksgiving every night for them actor folks, ain't it?"

And as the audience was fooled so was the small messenger boy who had slipped behind the scenes to deliver a package before the last curtain call. Lottie, Jack, and I watched him breathlessly as he cautiously tiptoed across the stage. He pecked around him. No one was looking. Now, he had reached the table and one eager

hand was stretching for the turkey. Poor, disappointed youngster! If he had been a real live gobbler instead of a deceiving old pasteboarder he surely would have lost his drumsticks that night!

A Joyful Surprise.

Thanksgiving came and the thought of sitting down to that dinner of sliced banana and sawdust was heart-breaking. All through the play our voices were cracked and sobby because of the ache in our hearts. At last we dragged to the end of the second act almost hating that audience, sitting there sleek and well fed from their Thanksgiving feast. We drew up to the table and the cook entered carrying on the platter the steaming turkey mechanically, we mouthed our "Oh's and Ah's," and mother picked up her carving knife as the platter was set before her. Then, as if we had been suddenly awakened from a dream, Jack and I, who were sitting on each side of mother, leaned over and reached out our hand to draw our fingers over the crackling brown skin. It was hot and there curled around it a steam spicy and full of promise.

The manager had surprised us. He had sent us a real Thanksgiving dinner after all! I remember how we laughed and cried and gobbled just as fast as mother carved, and how we forgot our lines and had such a dreadful time making up new ones between our crammed mouthfuls. But the curtain went down on a thundering applause, and long after the theater was dark we were sitting there—our "tummys" filled with turkey, our hearts with gratitude.

Never have we forgotten how this unexpected Thanksgiving came into our empty lives and meant so much to us. The memory of it has lived in our hearts and there has never passed a Thanksgiving that we haven't tried to bring a little happiness into other lives.

Answers to Correspondents.

I put the question asked me by Mrs. John L., of Dubuque, Iowa, to a woman who has had seven babies.

"Bless your heart," she laughed, "I really don't know. Some say pink is for girls and that little boy babies should be trimmed up in blue. My first baby was a girl, and I had blue for her because I liked blue best, but the other babies had no special color. They just had to wear what was left over, and were just as sweet and happy." Then she laughed again.

Laura H. Writes from Albert Lea, Minn., that she doesn't know what to give her fiance for Christmas. She writes that they are saving money to be married in February. Then why not make him a gift that will add to the little home—a pretty picture, or a book, or a lamp, or a clock?

*Mary Pickford.*DAILY
TALKSBy
Mary Pickford

THE RELATIVES I DO NOT HAVE.

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I HAVE only one brother and one sister, so it is not probable that I shall ever know the number of nieces and nephews and "in-laws" of all kinds that girls of larger families have. Perhaps that is one reason we love each other so much. There are so few of us we have to love more to get the effect of a large family.

A lot of people claim to be my brothers and sisters. One girl even appeared at the studio with the claim that she was my sister, and told the story of her childhood in such a vivid manner a friend of ours really believed her. She said she was not pretty when she was a baby, and because she was not pretty mamma would not keep her, but gave her away.

I thought that was very funny, for every baby is pretty to its mother, and if there should be a woman so unnaturally clear-eyed that she could see her baby was not pretty she would never give it away, being entirely satisfied that it would develop into a famous beauty later. I tried to find this girl to ask why she made such a claim as that, but couldn't. She had disappeared.

A Startling Proposition.

One day I received a letter from a man in prison out West. "I am in prison and writing this by candle-light," he wrote: "please send me money and take me out of here." The letter was signed, "Your devoted husband, Billy."

Fancy my sensation when reading to find a husband thrust on me like that, and in prison, too! I paid no attention to his claim further than to regret that any man with enough intelligence to read and write had been so extremely foolish.

One boy in the South sent me a drawing of what he called "our" family tree to prove that he and I were first cousins, and I was amused that any one could draw such a good tree should use his talent for that purpose. I am quite sure he was honest; his letter had a ring of genuineness to it; but I submitted the tree to all of my uncles and aunts and they said not one of them was represented by its numerous branches.

These claims of kinship are complimentary in a way. No one would claim to be a relative if he or she were not proud of me, and it is a great big sense we are all related. So when the claim is made without selfish motives I am not at all displeased. I am more than pleased with the letters from little girls who claim kinship solely because they love me.

A Novel Proposition.

"Adopted in the court of love" one young girl put it. "You are my sister because I need you, and I need you in this way: I need some one to love who will understand when I sit down and write letters like this. I need some one like you to imitate that I may grow into

a better, more thoughtful girl. I need your example as a daughter to help me to be a better daughter, and whenever I grow cross at my little brothers and sisters I check myself right short by saying to myself, 'Sister Mary would not approve of that.' You see, I have adopted you in the court of love, and now that the adoption papers have been made out and regularly sealed with a kiss, I hope you will let me go on thinking you are my real sister and be patient when I write long letters like this."

One woman wrote from Tennessee to claim she had discovered I was her long-lost daughter, stolen from her as a child, and would I please come to her arms at once? This almost made me angry. As if I didn't belong to my own dear mother! She couldn't have made a suggestion that would make me feel worse than that.

A boy of twenty-one, not caring for a sister, having no desire for a wife, and too young to claim a daughter, wrote me from Michigan that he wanted me to be his mother. "I sit up night after night," he wrote, "weeping because I have no mother. Won't you please send the money for a railroad ticket that I may come to New York and be your son? You can give me a good education and I will take care of you when you are old."

I was grateful that he asked me to be a mother to him instead of attempting to prove that I was his mother.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

K. J. H., St. Paul, Minn.: I think your daughter is right. She should be given a chance, with her parents' approval, to learn how to dance. You say she has been a bookkeeper in a wholesale house for four years, and is greatly esteemed by her employers. Doesn't this prove she will show discretion in accepting invitations from dance partners?

I am glad Mabel R., of Vancouver, has all girls who put medicines in their eyes to make them bright. Blindness threatens all who do anything so foolish. Health, a happy disposition and an interest in others are the greatest of all eye brighteners.

"Business Girl," York, Pa.: It is true some one has decreed that letters of friendship should not be written on the typewriter, but it must have been some one less busy than yourself. If you haven't time to write letters any other way, use the typewriter. I know I am pleased to receive that kind from you.

*Mary Pickford.*DAILY
TALKSBy
Mary Pickford

RECOGNITION ON THE STREETS.

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SO many ask me the question, "Are you recognized when on the streets?" that I thought a little talk today on that subject might please you.

I am recognized constantly, and everywhere, under all circumstances and conditions, and the comments made are very amusing and often pleasing. I am always afraid my appearance is a disappointment. People are naturally so honest that when it is they can't conceal it, and their efforts to act as if I am all they dreamed are awfully funny.

They seem disappointed mostly about my eyes. My hair always pleases. I have never heard any one express any disappointment about that, but oh, my eyes! They will say: "You have brown eyes. I thought you had blue eyes," and look as if an idol had fallen. One young lady said, "Oh, you have brown eyes." She said it in such a distressed tone I replied, "I am afraid you are disappointed." "Not at all," she answered quickly, "but I had always pictured you with blue eyes." I know she was disappointed. My eyes are hazel.

A New England Episode.

This often happens to me in the stores: The girl waiting on me will look at me furtively while winding the ribbon over her fingers. Then, growing brave, she will venture, "I beg your pardon, but haven't I seen you somewhere before?" I, sometimes, to tease her, will reply, "Oh, I come in here often." "No," she answers, and I feel that she has caught me, and I may as well confess. "It is not in this store. I have seen you somewhere else, and you were not dressed up as you are today. I wonder where it was."

Then I confess. "Perhaps," I suggest, "you have seen me in the pictures." "Mary Pickford!" she will cry, letting the ribbon drop from her fingers in her excitement. "Won't you please shake hands with me? Do you know, I thought it was you all the time, but was afraid to say so."

In another minute, making some pretext, she steps to the girl at the next counter and her whispering is not about the price of the ribbon, for the other girl looks interested, and she tells it to some other girl, and I hear as I pass down the aisle, "Yes, it is." "No, it isn't." "I bet you it is, just the same," and when the whisper has reached the girl at the end of the counter she steps forward and settles the dispute by asking me if I am really Mary Pickford.

To their credit, they invariably say they wish they could act like me. Not once does one of them wish she earned as much as I, and I have yet to meet the girl with a trace of envy in her speech or eyes. It is all frank admiration and friendliness, and I love them for it. I have heard there is a national organization called the Girls' Friendly Society, and that it does untold good in cultivating a spirit of

friendliness among girls. When my girl admirers accost me, and I get that nice, kind, honest look in their eyes, I feel as if we unconsciously belonged, and I want to take in more members.

A Frequent Experience.

The other day, in New London, Conn., we got in at noon and left at six, a crowd of girls gathered at the office just to meet me. One young lady came up and said, "Miss Pickford, would you think me very bold if I asked you to shake hands with me?"

I said I would be glad to do it, and I shook hands with all of them. "We want to tell you," the first girl said, "how much we think of you and how sorry we were yesterday when you fell off your horse. Did you hurt yourself?" I laughed, and said I didn't; that I had got used to that sort of thing. At the station other crowds of girls were waiting, several of them gave me big bunches of roses.

I am always being stopped on the street by some one who recognizes me, and always there is a spirit of friendliness that repays me for all the work I have done on the screen to make so many friends. Do you know, this is one of the reasons I could never play the part of a very bad girl: It would hurt me to think that my screen friends all over the world were seeing me when I was misbehaving, and it was disappointing them.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. Q., New Haven, Conn.: Heaven has been so kind to our little family that there are no invalids in it, so I took your question to the mother of a little girl who is wheeled in a chair, being unable to walk. She says she never gave her daughter a nicer birthday surprise than this: She made a cake, large and flat, iced it in white, marked it off the size of dominoes, and outlined it with chocolate icing to look like dominoes; cut it up, and gave it to her. The little girl had great amusement as long as the cake lasted in getting her little friends to look at her box of dominoes and then surprising them by eating one.

Susie May writes from Phoenix, Ariz., to complain that her brother won't escort her to parties. I wonder if she has ever tried to influence him by being a boy's ideal of a big sister.

CUT SIG

Mary Pickford.

DAILY
TALKSBy
Mary Pickford

GRANDMOTHER.

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THIS has been one of those blue, depressing days. You know the days I mean, gray from sunrise to sunset, a day filled with memories and not always happy ones.

It started this morning when I first reached the studio. There on the stage was a "sitting-room" just like the old-fashioned one in our home up in Canada—the upholstered furniture, the pictures, the old candlesticks and, above everything else, just such a chair as my grandmother had sat in year after year, for my grandmother had been a paralytic. And into the scene came an old character actress, looking quite like my own mother's mother—that dear old lady who had gladdened our childhood.

I hurried into my dressing-room and closed the door. I was lonely for that little old grandmother of mine of the long ago.

Those Marvelous Tales.

How patient she had been with us three noisy children, listening to all our fairy tales, settling our little quarrels, bandaging our wounded fingers and always feeding us "lollipops," as she called the peppermint candies she stored away in her workbasket. There were so many years she sat in her chair that when she told us stories of her youth and narrated the mischievous things she had done—just the very things we children were doing at that time—we marveled at her and listened in awed wonder, almost doubting her. For we could not think of our grandmother in any active sense; she was always a little old lady—sweet and gentle and smiling—who sat patiently, yet helplessly, all day long in her easy chair, sewing, crocheting or mending.

I loved her devotedly, and although it kept me a great many afternoons away from the sunshine, I preferred to remain in the room with her, sitting close to her chair and holding her worsted while she wound it into a great colored ball. I do not remember ever hearing her complain—even when we three children stampeded into the room like a regiment of rampant soldiers, or when in those days following the death of our father we could not shower upon her those simple little luxuries which had made her so comfortable before the crisis in all of our lives.

Entertaining Grandmother.

It was a great joy to me after I had gone on the stage to hurry home to her and have so many colorful stories to tell her of this theatrical world my grandmother knew so little about. I would act for her and give her my imitations of all the

roles I had seen played, and she would listen, a faint color surging through her cheeks, and her eyes glowing with expressive interest. I loved her so much that sometimes I felt as if I could hardly restrain myself from throwing my arms around her and hugging her so tight she could hardly get her breath. But this I could never do. I could only take her little, soft hand in both of mine and kiss it over and over again.

As we children were growing up, how eager she was to live that she might watch our development and follow us as we branched out with uncertain steps, each eager to climb up the ladder toward success. But she was called away before we could even do for her half what we longed to do.

These are the things I thought of as I sat alone in my dressing-room, and it is because of my longing for her and the little set-out on the stage which looked like our old home in Canada that I have felt pensive and sad all day.

How many of us after the ones we love have gone wish we had been kinder to them when they were with us! It is a bitter lesson we all have to learn, and even we children who loved our grandmother so dearly can look back with regret; perhaps we left a lot undone which would have added to her happiness, her peace and content.

I must stop now, as the director is calling me for my scene and there are only a few moments more to answer a couple of today's letters.

Answers to Correspondents.

Gladys Beaumont, from Charleston, S. C., wants to know the color of my hair and eyes. She says, "I will be so disappointed if your eyes aren't blue."

I wish I could write and say my eyes are blue, for I have always loved blue eyes, but they are hazel, and really I can't tell you the color of my hair. When I was very young it was golden blond, but as I grow older it is turning darker. The picture you sent me of yourself I have pasted in my scrapbook of photographs from my friends all over the world. It is one of the prettiest there. I always enjoy the letters from my girl friends and like to have them write to me not once, but often.

Margaret Wilson, Topeka, Kans., asks: "Are blonds more popular than brunettes in pictures?"

The color of the hair has nothing to do with it. It is the features of the actress and her ability which have made her a star, not the color of her hair.

Mary Pickford

DAILY
TALKSBy
Mary Pickford

ANIMALS IN PICTURES.

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I RECEIVE dozens of letters asking me why I have so many animals in my pictures and if I am very fond of them.

Indeed I am fond of them, and they are often very important factors in the moving-picture world, for there are few actors or actresses quite as natural as dogs or cats. For silent comedy or drama what is more expressive than a sad-eyed pup or a basket of scrawny kittens loved and cared for by a poor little half-starved girl or boy?

What first inspired me to want them as fellow-actors was the desire to put those human touches into my character roles, to make them more appealing and true to life.

I was playing a little street urchin in a picture, several years ago, and our exteriors were taken in the tenement district. The children flocked around and mobbed us when the camera was set up. Then as soon as they saw our painted faces they all shouted at the top of their lungs, "We know what you are—you're 'movies'!" It took bribes of many pennies to keep them from dancing around us like a lot of wild Indians, but soon the novelty wore off and an organ grinder's monkey proved more entertaining than did we. So away they ran.

A Forlorn Canine.

Only one little boy was left, and as I looked at him I thought him a picture of the most forlorn, abject misery I had ever seen. He was little, hungry and covered with the dirt of the streets, and hugged close to him was his dog. I had seen drawings of many pups which had just wrung my heart, but there was no pen-and-ink sketch to do justice to this little yellow, long-eared, bowlegged puppy. His eyes were those of a Newfoundland, his tail belonged to a collie, there was something of the fox terrier in his two front paws, and what there was of his ribs and sides I am sure he inherited from the jack-rabbit.

The part I was playing might have been just such a girl as I imagined this little boy's sister to be, and as I was looking for "color" I borrowed his dog. When I picked him up and carried him away from his friend, the little street urchin, his dog looked back with brown eyes dilating with terror and eagerness to get away from me. But the puppy was hungry and a lamb chop from a near-by restaurant so warmed the cockles of his heart the director ended by making a finished actor out of him before the afternoon was over. We sent the puppy away with a full "tummy" and in the little boy's pockets there jingled a handful of coins that were music to his ear.

A Brilliant Success.

If I ever had to be jealous of the success of a fellow-actress or actor I was justified in the case of this long-eared pup, who stole the laurels of the picture. Every time he came upon the screen a burst of merriment greeted his entrance, every time he raised one eyebrow and looked at the audience saucily out of his big, sad eyes, a murmur of sympathetic tenderness, which sounded very much like "Ooh, isn't he cute?" arose from the crowded house. In one scene, he had climbed up in my lap, and when my attention had been dis-

tracted he shot his long tongue out and licked me across the face. Of course, I made an awful grimace and scolded him for his impudence, but the more I scolded the faster his tail wagged until the audience was in an uproar of laughter.

Ever since then I have enjoyed animals in my pictures—they are natural comedians.

In "Tess of the Storm Country" I loved my white rabbit quite as much as Tess did, and in "Rags" the goat and I became great friends in spite of the rambunctious way he persisted in tossing me over his head.

There was my horse in "Ramona," and in almost every picture I have had my little pets. Just before we started the "Girl of Yesterday" I was given a powder puff of a dog. He was so tiny I could almost cover him with the palms of my hands, so cunning, so fluffy and white. We decided to use him in the picture and he made his debut as a trooper. It so happened that over the taking of the picture there were nineteen days of bad weather which kept us from working, so we were at least six or seven weeks on it altogether. Each day I took the puppy to the studio and each day the director tore his hair and swore we would have to find some scientific remedy for stunting his growth—that pup grew and grew until by the end of the picture he was four times the size that he was in the beginning. As our exteriors are taken at one time and our interior sets at another, you would see the puppy walking into the house the size of a miniature white spaniel and, once inside, he had grown almost to a swagger spitz! If the picture hadn't finished in time I am sure he would have measured up with a Russian wolf hound. After this at our studio no growing puppies need apply!

Answers to Correspondents.

G. M. McD., Portland, Oreg.—Don't you think you are a little unkind to believe, because we are stage people, that we are forced into leading what you termed in your letter "sporty lives?" Our lives are just what we make them. If we choose the high road we can tread there without any danger of being shoved off. You are mistaken about the pitfalls. We are not beset with temptations and our life in the studios does not have a tendency to warp our growth. In fact, we are broadened by it. There is little danger where there is healthy work. We breathe the pure, fresh air into our lungs and are thankful for the out-of-door life we are leading. Please be a little more generous and do not judge all the profession by the individual you have met. It is always easy to find one bad apple in a box of blue-ribbed ones.

Claire Wayson asks how much the extra people make a day. Some companies pay more than others, but \$5 a day is the average. The girl must furnish her own gowns and make-up. In a mob scene where there are several hundred employed, I do not think they are paid over \$3. Yes, it is true we were all "extra girls" once. But the way to climb up the ladder is to step on the lowest rung first. Indeed, I shall be very happy to send you an autographed picture of myself.

Mary Pickford

DAILY
TALKSBy
Mary Pickford

MY EARLY DRAMATIC TRAINING.

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SOME one said to me the other day, "I suppose you had all the advantages of the finest dramatic training before you went on the stage, Miss Pickford."

"Yes, indeed," I replied, a smile curling the corners of my mouth in spite of myself, for I wanted my answer to carry a tone of reflective seriousness. "I understudied some of the greatest actresses in the world from three to five and at five years of age I went on the stage."

The woman gasped, "My goodness gracious! Were you taken abroad for such an education?"

I shook my head and laughed. "Never beyond the parlors of my old home in Canada. There were my stage and my early training. My audiences were the pictures on the walls, while the tables and chairs were the actors and actresses. In the glass cabinet I always pretended the visiting and superintending actress sat, watching, applauding or reprimanding me severely when I wasn't dramatic enough."

"Each day I invited to sit in the cabinet one of the many famous stagefolk I had heard my mother talk about. Sometimes it was Sarah Bernhardt, sometimes Patti, but I generally played no favorites and sent forth a world-wide invitation."

A Wise Mother.

"Mother never made fun of my imaginary players, and I am so grateful to her because of her patience and her sympathetic understanding. Sometimes she would stand in the doorway and applaud me as I slew the villain by kicking at him furiously, saying to him in my 'stagey' voice, 'Die—oo villain!'

"The villain was always the huge red rocking chair and had been a villain ever since the day when Lottie had rocked him upon the toes of my brand-new shoes. While the heroine, who had the most surprising adventures, was a dainty upholstered little chair with spindling gilt legs."

"From the dining room I would drag in the large armchair, and because it was mother's chair I felt a very great fondness for it. That was why it was always the hero and in the end of my play was married to the little gilt heroine."

"How seriously I took my dreams! I spoke the lines for each one of my actors in turn and when my heroine was unhappy real tears came trickling down my cheeks. As I liked best the sad and mournful melodrama, I tore around that parlor like a madcap, upsetting the chairs, saving the heroine, fighting the villain and always when the play had ended 'happily ever after' for my actors killing myself by falling off the table on to the floor."

"To grow up and be an actress—that was my earliest ambition. I was always acting. Even in my most joyous moments I would walk around the house with a woe-begone expression, sighing sighs as if I carried the weight of the world upon my shoulders—especially if there were visitors! Some of mother's friends, out of compliment to her, would say, 'What a pretty little girl your Mary is.' These people I disliked intensely. But sometimes a visitor came who made note of my strange gestures, my sad expression, and would comment upon them more wisely to my mother, 'Guess that funny little Mary of yours will grow up to be an actress.' These people I adored extravagantly."

The Imaginative Child.

Happy the little children who are allowed free rein of their imaginations, and not all parents understand them.

The other day a little boy came into my dressing room with his eyes as wide as saucers. He told me a marvelous story of having captured and caged a blue bird, dragging me out on the stage to see it. I hurried to follow him, fearing he had taken one of my "mascot" canaries, but there in a pasteboard box, carved as near like a cage as a small tike could make it, fluttered a tiny blue feather.

"Look at it, look at it! It's trying to fly out of its cage," he cried, clutching hold of my hand in trembling excitement.

"I'll whip you," scolded his mother, who had stepped up behind us, "if I ever catch you telling lies like that again. You'll have to excuse him, Miss Pickford; he's a very bad boy."

Long after he was whisked away by the ear to his dressing room I sat looking at the little blue feather, which was as real a bird to him as ever flew through the skies. And I realized more than ever how much Lottie, Jack and I owed to our mother.

Answers to Correspondents.

Margaret Tuttle writes from Galveston, Texas: "What do you use when you wash your hair?"

Physicians and surgeons' soap with half a lemon in the rinsing water.

Caroline Bishop, Berkeley, Cal., writes: "I am six years old. I have an airedale dog and a white rabbit. I love them very much. I love you more. Would you like to have me send you my white rabbit? His name is Mary Pickford."

Dear little Caroline: I would like very much to have that white rabbit, but I am afraid if I took him away from you he would be very unhappy. So keep him for me. If he is named after me I want him to have the very best of care.

Mary Pickford

DAILY
TALKSBy
*Mary Pickford*GIRLS WHO WISH TO BECOME MOVING-PICTURE
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EACH day my mail is weighted down with letters which, after reading, always leave me with a heartache and a desire to gather the poor, unhappy little writers under my wing like Mother Carey's chickens. I am speaking of the letters written to me by the young girls who have had bitter experiences in the moving-picture studios, or girls pent up in some store or unhappy home eager to get into the whirlpool of our life and become a part of it.

What prompts them to do this often is because of their friends' assurance: "You are much prettier than Mary Pickford and here you are slaving for \$18 a week. Look at the money she is making."

By return mail I advise her: "Your photograph is beautiful and I do not know when I have seen lovelier eyes. But—are you an actress? Do you believe if you were called upon the stage to portray characters from the comedy and drama of life you could do it? Be sure of yourself, for so much suffering has been the result of ill-advised girls."

I was in a store one day when a very pretty girl behind the counter leaned over and asked me, "Pardon me, but aren't you the Mary Pickford of the movies?"

I smiled at her, though the word "movies" always sends little shivers quivers down my spine.

Too Good to Keep.

My smile had encouraged her to talk. "I'm going to be a movie actress, too," she told me. "I've already given 'em notice here. I quit Saturday."

"You are very pretty," I replied, looking at her large blue eyes and her red gold hair. "Has some studio made you an offer better than you are making here?"

"I should say so." And her eyes fairly danced with excitement. "Five dollars a day."

"Yes, but did they offer you a retaining salary? By that I mean did they guarantee you so many days a week?"

The lines about her mouth deepened and I could sense her disappointment because I had spoken of the thorns upon the rosebush.

"No," she answered reluctantly, "they didn't say anything about that, but they did tell me a girl like me could find work anywhere."

"I would wait a few weeks longer," I cautioned her. "It is the best to be sure of your landing place before you leap."

Then I was called away and, turning around, I overheard her saying: "Gee! She talks like an old woman, don't she? But you bet I won't let her influence me."

A few weeks later I went into the store and the girl of the red-gold hair was gone. "She's been working at a moving-picture studio for over a week," the girl who had her place told me, "and making so much money she don't know what to do with it!"

It was true. She had been working for eight days and had made \$40. She had dreamed her little dream and it had come true.

But here is the brief history of the girl, for I met her months after, back in the store. A friend had told her of the fabulous salaries made by the

actresses. Why shouldn't she try for it? So from the telephone book she made an alphabetical list of the studios and started out on her Saturday afternoon off.

At the A Studio they complimented her, as they politely do with every one, and told her they might use her any day. But the man in the office, looking at her closely, saw that her eyes were too light a blue to photograph well and her coloring, her greatest charm, would be lost. He took her name and address, but it was tucked away among countless thousands of registered names.

She waited at the B Studio for three hours, sitting on a bench with a dozen others. Finally the man came out and told them he was too busy to interview them—they would have to return on the morrow.

But at the C Studio they happened to need a few extra girls for a Sunday scene which had been wedged in unexpectedly. "Have you an evening dress?" asked the man. The question frightened her. She had one evening dress, but she had not thought of clothes.

Tried and Found Wanting.

The following morning she brought her evening dress and was ready to go out upon the stage at 8:30. By 10 o'clock the scene had been taken and she was given a slip to collect \$5. So this, her entree, was a triumphant success. All she had done was to dance a few steps, join a merry group and laugh as the leading woman entered the ballroom; then to walk off the stage to her dressing-room, slip into her street clothes and cash her little check at the office.

She had looked so pretty in her simple little evening dress the casting director had taken notice of her. He talked with her and found she had had no experience in pictures. But she might prove latent talent, so he gambled on it. He gave her a "bit" in the following picture and she worked there for eight steady days.

Later, the picture was run in the projecting room and she was conspicuous among three or four others—but not for her beauty! Alas! she had no photographic value. Her features were insignificant, her eyes colorless and her hair negative. Neither could she act.

After that there was no more work for her at the studio. Desperately in need of work she tramped from studio to studio, but after the first trial her name was invariably scratched off the list. Now, she is back in the store working for less than she made before leaving there. She is embittered and disappointed.

Answers to Correspondents.

"Aunt Kate" writes from Missoula, Mont., to ask if I played there as a child. She says she is sure she saw me, and has made a wager to that effect.

I am sorry to have her lose, but I was never west of Omaha till I was grown.

"Mother," writing from Dayton, Ohio, asks me to recommend a good bleach for the hair.

I have said many times, and I cannot say it too strongly, there are no good hair bleaches on the market; there never were and there never will be.

*Mary Pickford*DAILY
TALKSBy
Mary Pickford

AEROPLANING.

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GLENN MARTIN, the aviator, had told me so much about the safe pleasure of flying that I was anxious for the experience. In California, when we were taking "The Girl of Yesterday," we came to the scenes where I was supposed to be taken for an aeroplane flight and dropped many miles from our starting place.

"Who will double for Mary Pickford?" Several volunteers called out eagerly. "We know she won't go up."

"Impertinences!" I cried. "In this case Mary Pickford will double for herself. Of course, I'm going up."

"If you're a true sportswoman, you won't back out now," urged Glenn Martin. "Once you get up there, you will like it so much you won't want to fly down."

An Air Voyage.

My friends gathered around me while Mr. Martin busied himself with the engine. They implored, they threatened, they cajoled, but to no avail. When Mr. Martin said "All aboard!" without a moment's hesitation I climbed into that captive bird; there was a violent whir, a quivering of its great body and we felt ourselves lifted off the ground and climbing higher and higher. I closed my eyes for a moment, a cold wave of terror sweeping over me.

"We're several hundred feet in the air now," called Mr. Martin, above the noise of the engine and the wind. "Look down at the people."

The sound of his voice aroused me, and I no longer felt any fear. I opened my eyes and looked all around me. It felt as if we were sailing straight toward the sun, while the big floating clouds were coming closer and closer. The mountains began to look to us like hills as we rose to heights as dizzy as theirs, and when I gazed below us the valley had become a checkerboard of green vales and wheatfields, the people just a little army of ants. In a few minutes, we were 2,000 feet above sea level, winging like birds across the tops of the

mountain ranges and into the low-hanging clouds.

"Afraid?" called out Glenn Martin. "Nope," I answered briefly, for the poise permitted no lengthy conversation.

A Riot of Color.

Then he shut off the engine as we coasted toward the earth again. Never shall I forget it. Except for the wind whistling around us there wasn't a sound and we were too far away to catch the unceasing noises from the city's activities. We could see few forms, but more colors than I had ever dreamed of. You would have thought a gigantic artist's palette had been turned upside down upon the earth, splashing flecks of gorgeous color in all directions.

I had a hard time making them believe I really enjoyed it, even after Mr. Martin assured them I wasn't a bit of a coward. But between you and me, to be honest, I'm not so sure I would have the nerve to try it again! (But I like to write about it; I feel quite heroic.)

If I persist in being so talkative I won't have room for my letters and they are piling up fast.

Answers to Correspondents.

Harold J., writes from Seneca, N. Y., that he is greatly worried that I may some day be hurt in jumping from a precipice, or something like that, in moving-picture work.

I do not want him to worry any more. I take no risks like that.

Mary Lee, of San Bernardino, Cal., wishes to know if salt rubbed in the hair is good for it.

Use very little. I once knew a woman who kept a little salt on her dressing table and rubbed a little in her hair. She said she made the hair grow thicker on her temples by doing it, but she used only a few grains on her finger tips two or three times a week. Perhaps the massaging did as much good as the salt.

*Mary Pickford*DAILY
TALKSBy
Mary Pickford

MUSIC FOR THE DRAMATIC SCENES IN PICTURES.

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THE actresses used to the glare of the footlights the studio in the open air holds many trials. They miss the enthusiasm of the audience, but most of all they miss the music, an inspiration for the most trying emotional scenes.

Quite a few of the directors have adopted this scheme, finding that a plaintive strain of music will touch an actress, make her pulses quicken and her tears flow easier.

In some of the large studios where a dozen-odd companies are working, it sounds and looks like a three-ringed circus. Yet in these chaotic conditions we are expected to portray all the human emotions quite as faithfully as if our dramas were being staged before a hushed and appreciative audience.

Tragedy and Comedy Close Neighbors.

I have cried my heart out in scenes and got up from them exhausted, just because it was really such hard work to shed bitter tears in your set when a director was staging a comedy a few feet away and two comedians were throwing huckleberry pies at the third one.

I remember one dramatic moment in a play we were staging, where my grandfather lay dying and I was sobbing, for he had just told me he was going on a long, long journey. Don't leave me, granddaddy, dear, don't leave me," I implored him. Just

I clutched his hand, kissing it tenderly, a misdirected cream cheese came sailing over the top of the wall and nestled on the pillow a few inches from grandfather's head. The actor jumped up with a roar (it was his first picture), tore off his false whiskers and said with temperament: "Well, I'm through!"

But those were the days gone by. Now our sets are closed in, the workmen are warned to be quiet when we are ready to take our scenes and just beyond sight a violin or a cello lures us into the mood for our love or dramatic scenes.

It has been such a help to us. Of course, we do not need music when we are away from the studio, out in the country. There we draw our in-

spiration from the seas, the skies and the flowers. That is why I loved "Tess of the Storm Country" and "Hearts Adrift." Their drama belonged to the wild places, and I feel free and gay as a bird soon as I get away from the pent-up studios in the cities.

Answers to Correspondents.

Today I had fifteen letters asking me if my hair is naturally curly. Just to be saucy I won't answer one of them—and perhaps I have a better reason than that for not doing it.

Helen Greer writes: "My friends tell me I am very pretty and should become a moving-picture actress. How shall I go about it?"

Hundreds have asked me that and I am at a loss what to say to them. If there is a moving-picture studio where you live I would go and let them decide if they thought your face of photographic value. A director is quick to see "type." You will no doubt be given a chance, and if you photograph well they will most likely try you out in a very small part, a "bit," we call it. Then if you can act, or the director recognizes a possibility of your becoming an actress, you are considered of value to a company and a certain success is assured you. So, you see, it is all up to you, after all.

Miss Harris, of Atlanta, Ga., asks if we just mumble our lines when the scenes are being photographed or do we really speak lines like the actors and actresses on the stage.

Indeed, we do speak our lines, and it is very important, as what we say must be what we think and what we are thinking of expresses itself in our faces. Then, perhaps you remember, the deaf and dumb people can read the lips. If I am playing in a foreign picture I have some one who speaks the language—an Italian interpreter for an Italian picture, a Spaniard for a Spanish picture, etc. And I speak my lines in their language, that they may give more spirit of realism to my acting. I will tell you more about this later, as I intend to write two or three articles upon it, so many have asked me the same questions.

Mary Pickford

DAILY
TALKS

Mary Pickford

INDIANS ON THE WARPATH.

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WHEN Jack was a little fellow, above all stories ever told him those of Indians on the warpath were most interesting. There was an old settler living near us who used to tell us three scared but fascinated children most marvelous tales of the days when Red Leggings' tribe of Senecas had swooped down upon the little village he had lived in and had tortured or destroyed the whole population overnight. Jack's eyes grew as big and round as saucers, while Lottie and I clung to each other, shivering with terror because of the vivid realism with which he would paint the scenes.

But it was after supper when the lights were turned out we paid the piper for the dance. I closed my eyes so tight they ached, but still I could not shut out the bands of Indians who came stealthily crawling into the bedroom, carrying their bowieknives between their teeth and waving their long, feathered helmets as they crept nearer and nearer to the bed.

It was after we had gone on the stage that our opportunity came to travel on the road and go to the West where children had pictured as still overrun and made dangerous by unfriendly Indians and roving bands of wild animals.

One of the other little boys in the company had given Jack a copy of "Buffalo Bill," which we three read with dilating eyes. When mother caught us we rushed into her arms and clung to her skirts, imploring her not to take us West, where we were sure to be tortured to death by the Indians. Nor would we listen to her description of Mr. Reservation Indian, sleek, fat and as good-natured as our old Jersey cow. If Jack hadn't promised faithfully to protect Lottie and me in case of an Indian uprising, we never would have had the courage to survive the ordeal of packing. Jack, being the man of the family even at six, was a hero in our eyes.

The Indians of Reality.

Going through Arizona we saw our first Indians, saw those poor unhappy creatures eking out a meager existence by making blankets and baskets. They were dirty, cringing, but friendly enough at the sight of a coin, and the little papooses, strapped on their mothers' backs, were bright-eyed and merry. There were no feathers, no painted bodies, and, in spite of Jack's earnest inquiries, no one had heard of an Indian scalping a white man in that neighborhood for the last fifty years. So we set the Indians aside as very commonplace, a stupid brown people.

Several years later, when I was working for Mr. Griffith in the old American Biograph, we went to New Mexico to take a picture among the Indians. It was midsummer and when we reached the desert the heat was overpowering. It was 120 degrees, and as fast as we put the make-up on the grease paint would melt and trickle down our cheeks in little colored streams.

I was to play the part of a half-breed, and as Mr. Griffith had studied the customs and characteristics of the Indian we came prepared to make a picture which would live because of its historical value.

The Indians are very curious. When we ventured out they followed us, amused and interested. From long range they watched us set up the camera, afraid we might turn it upon them any minute.

As a half-breed girl I had darkened my skin and because of my high cheekbones and breadth across the brows I deceived even the squaws, who took me for a half caste from another tribe. The bucks walked around me appraisingly, and expressed their admiration by their broad, sheepish grins. They seemed anxious to please me and gave me little gifts

of wampum and flint arrowheads. I blushed as I tell it, but I accepted them quite coquettishly!

All went well and they did not interfere with our taking pictures until one of our actors, dressed as a medicine man, stepped out in full view ready for his scene. With one accord, the Indians all arose and circled around us, mumbling in guttural sounds, which by their tone were anything but pleasant. Mr. Griffith asked one of the Indians what was the cause of their uneasiness, but at first he wouldn't tell us. They glared at us and finally three or four of them walked up to the actor, threatening him savagely. They sent for their council and from them we found out the actor had on a beaded belt sacred to their gods and they looked upon it as a sacrilege, believing us to be making fun of their pagan creed.

On the Warpath.

Mr. Griffith explained to them in every language but Indian how much we respected their religion, but they were now on the warpath and the whole village circled around us like a swarm of roused hornets. They threatened to destroy our camera, and the actor who had caused the uprising almost despaired of getting away alive. Of course we were all scared to death except Mr. Griffith, and his only worry was because we had not finished the picture and had three or four more scenes to take. He had noticed how well I stood in the favor of the Indian boys, so he set me about the entertaining of them to distract their attention while, in a desperate hurry, he took a couple of scenes.

This further antagonized them, and he was called into the council chamber. He gave us instructions how a certain scene he wanted should be taken and left us, our knees trembling like aspen leaves, but our minds made up to do or die!

We pretended we were finished and made our way through the crowds to the station, where we sat as if watching for the train. One by one they slipped away and, finding ourselves alone, we sneaked to the location Mr. Griffith had pointed out to us. It was scary business and there was little time for rehearsal. In fact, we had no sooner taken it than a band came over the hill and started after us. We ran as fast as we could pell-mell through the village and back to the station. Mr. Griffith had just arrived there and the train was due in a few minutes. If the train had been delayed there is no knowing what our fates would have been, but we scrambled aboard just in time.

When I told Jack all about it he said: "Gee! Mary, but wouldn't your curls have made a peachy trophy if the Indian chief had scalped you!"

It was a long time before I did my second Indian picture.

Answers to Correspondents.

Norma Phillips, Goldfield, Nev.: Yes, I am always happy to receive the photographs of my girl friends and return an autographed one of mine. It makes me sad to think that any one believed I ever charged for my pictures. I send out thousands of them and I would never dream of such a thing.

Eleanor H., of Leavenworth, Kans., wants to know if she can make a last-year suit look like a this-year model. I can only tell her what I have done with two of mine and that is, I added a collar of inexpensive fur, with cuffs of fur and a band of it around the bottom of the coat. Even the gowns are trimmed extravagantly with fur this year.

I cannot recommend any one face powder for Mrs. Martin B., of St. Louis. But I do think that any good rice powder is the best for the face.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY
TALKS

Mary Pickford

MOVING PICTURES.

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A great many people think moving pictures have slipped in and stolen the people from the theaters. But on the stage there is that charm of the voice and the clever or romantic lines we cannot have on the screen. Moving pictures will not harm the stage any more than the spoken drama has interfered with grand opera. It is simply a new form of amusement and within reach of the pocketbooks of nearly every one.

Then pictures are educational. I have always noticed that sea pictures prove absorbing to people living in the Middle West, while the cowboy stories of Arizona and California are more popular in the East. Foreign pictures give us an insight into the life abroad and the Orient is brought very close to us.

People do not realize how hard we work to get some of the effects seen upon the screen. Sometimes we rehearse hours for just one scene, and often it takes days before we are sure it is right for the camera to register. Then it is only a few feet of film and takes but a few minutes to run it off.

We are never satisfied with our work, and as we watch ourselves upon the screen we always pick flaws in our acting. We see ourselves making little awkward gestures or using our eyes too much, and that is the way we learn to overcome our faults. The girl who sees no error in her acting is the one who will never advance. The best artists are never satisfied with themselves; they are their most severe critics.

The talking moving pictures created quite a sensation when they were first exhibited. But they were so imperfect we did not take them very seriously.

I was so eager to see and hear them when they first came out that I was greatly disappointed. The first exhibition was that of a drama. It was all quite clear, though unnatural, until the villain stabbed the hero. Then something must have gone wrong with the machinery. The hero tottered, clutched at his wound, dropped to the floor and died. There was no sound coming from the machine until quite a few minutes after. Then came a voice, the voice of the man who committed the murder. He was hissing: "Now shall I stab you! Now shall I kill you!"

The audience burst into laughter and the applause was because they had been amused by the failure instead of the success of the machine. It had made a comedy out of tragedy, and though a comedy is to laugh—still it was a fatal error. So the skeptical people refused to take it seriously.

Mistakes often happen in the spoken drama; never in the moving pictures, for the director would detect it as soon as it was run in the dark room and we would have to retake the scene.

So far the people haven't felt the need of the voice with the pictures. They are most restful without it, and several friends who go to moving pictures several times a week say they find their imaginations are made active in watching the plot unfold. It becomes a fascinating game, too, trying to foretell when you are watching one scene just what the following one will be. And it is good mental exercise, too. It keeps you young.

The newspapers waged a great battle upon us when they exposed us several years ago. Deaf mutes who could read the lips claimed we were saying untender things to each other

during love scenes; that the leading man often swore, and from the mouths of the actresses came "loads instead of pearls." It was a great shock to us, although an amusing one.

We asked them to prove it to us and they did. They ran some film—a close up of a love scene. It was an ardent affair and in the eyes of the loving couple there was a world of tenderness. What the lips were saying our imagination supplied until they were translated to us by one who could read the lips. To our astonishment, the heroine said as she looked with tenderness into the eyes of the hero, "You clumsy galoot, you stepped on my foot just now."

Then there followed a volley of "I didn't!" "You did!" "I didn't!" "You did!" "Very well, I won't finish the scene." "You don't suppose any one would care, do you?"

Their eyes were saying "I love you, I adore you," but their lips: "That's right—pull my face around so you can get me away from the camera." "You don't say. Where did you get the idea you were the only one the audience wanted to see?" "Thank goodness, I am not as conceited as you"—and the picture faded out as these two, with their faces wreathed with ecstatic smiles, embraced in a passionate kiss!

They are very strict with us nowadays. No such amusing mistakes occur now.

Answers to Correspondents.

Charles M., Wheeling, W. Va.: Almost any reputable moving picture company or agency will send you a form for writing scenarios. They have them for the purpose of helping and encouraging writers. Those who have scenarios returned sometimes think the manuscript readers do not want to hear from beginners. I am sure they are mistaken. There is always a demand for new writers with fresh ideas and a virile, convincing plot.

"Inquisit Maid," Nashville, Tenn., wants to know if I ever give any orders to my directors and do I stand in awe of them? I cannot help but laugh at this because I am afraid that I haven't the courage to give orders to any one. I do not like them myself, but there are no directors who do not willingly listen to a suggestion, and if the suggestion be a good one, it is always gladly received. Directors are not fire-breathing dragons, so why be afraid of them?

"I see you are putting on 'Madame Butterfly,'" writes a little girl from Sacramento, Cal. "Will you use a real, live baby, and will you have a little Japanese baby or an American baby painted up?" We always use a real, live baby; in this case we used the cunningest little, big, brown-eyed Japanese baby—at least he had a Japanese mother and an American father, so he was very true to character. Even if we used an American baby, we would never have painted the poor little thing. The process would probably have scared him into tears. They are prettiest when smiling.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY
TALKS

Mary Pickford

I MEET A PAINTED LADY.

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I WAS then so tiny that to peek into the windows of the toyshop I had to stand, quivering and tense, on the very tips of my toes. But there I would linger for hours at a time, wide-eyed and awed by those wonders which were just beyond my reach. Right in the center of the window, surrounded by an army of tin soldiers, was a large flaxen-haired doll, quite as big as I. Her face was broad, her mouth too small, her eyes were round and staring, but to me she was beautiful. Always was she smiling at me with her arms outstretched, and never once did she scold me because I had not come to take her away from there. My idea was that she must be very unhappy in that toyshop window, and I liked to imagine that she was always patiently waiting for me, preferring me above all the children in the neighborhood. I used to say to her: "Good morning, beautiful Griselda!" (Griselda was the prettiest name in my fairy book). And, speaking for her in a high, sweet voice, I would say to myself: "Good morning, little Mary, and how is your mother?"

One day, making for the store as fast as my legs could carry me, I rushed around a corner and bumped into a Painted Lady. As I tumbled and fell against her, she caught me by the shoulders and held me off at arms' length. "You stupid little thing," she said, crossly, "you've stepped all over my shoes."

The Living Griselda.

Slowly, with terror, I raised my eyes and looked at her from under my lashes. Then I started back trembling with surprise. Where had I seen those round, staring eyes before; that crimped flaxen hair? And who had I met with such a rosebud and those bright cerise cheeks? "I know who you are!" I cried at last, "clasp her hand in both of mine. 'You—you're Griselda from the toyshop window!'"

"Say, you're some wise kid, ain't you? Who put you on to that, eh?"

"I drew away from her. 'Oh, my goodness!' I said finally. 'You don't talk like her.'"

"Does she talk to you, little string bean?" her laugh almost frightened me.

"She never really talked. I apologized. 'I did it for her. I used to have her tell me I would be an actress when I grew up. I liked her best when she was telling me that.'"

"Did she tell it to you often?" And she laughed again.

"Most all the time," I answered, eager to make her think well of Griselda. "She's a beautifullest doll." Then I added, "You look like her."

"You think I am beautiful?" Her eyes softened as they stared at me.

"Next to Griselda," I answered loyally. "Are you a doll, too?"

"That ain't so bad! You're a funny little string-bean, you are. Yes, I guess I'm what you call a doll. I—I used to be an actress."

"An actress!" At the magic words I opened my eyes still wider. She was the first actress I had ever met. That explained to me her funny dress, which was so different from the stupid, colorless dresses other ladies wore. And that was why her face was so much brighter than the other faces I knew and loved. As little as I was I understood now why I had taken her for the toyshop Griselda—because there was something that wasn't "real" about her.

"Oh, dear," I sighed, drawing closer

to her, "I like you. I'm going to be an actress, too, when I grow up, and be just like you."

A Touch of Pathos.

I will never forget the strange, wistful way she looked at me or her sunny voice that became husky and cracked as she answered, "God forbid, little string bean."

"But you're an actress!" I said wonderingly. Then I added as an afterthought: "I'm not a string bean, ma'am; my name is Mary."

For a long, long time we stood on the corner talking and when she left I hurried home, eager to tell them my wonderful experience. I had met an actress!

At the gate I found mother talking excitedly to several of the neighbors. One of them had seen me with the Painted Lady, and the mothers had gathered to discuss a petition which must be drawn up to force the Painted Lady to leave our respectable neighborhood. I did not understand all they were saying, except what I gathered from little wisps of conversation. I did understand (and resented it, too) that no one liked the Painted Lady, and that all the children would be punished if they were caught talking to her. I remember how I hid my head in mother's apron and cried when I heard this, and how gentle mother's hands felt as she drew them softly across my face. "We must never hurt any one, darling," she said to me, and there were tears in her voice. "You did right in being kind to her, Mary. God forgive her; she's some mother's girl."

"All through my life I have remembered this, and many we meet of these poor unfortunates. With what bitterness is their harvest reaped and how they pay for every false happiness with their own heart's blood."

It is sad to think we are not more kind, for human compassion is a great boon to mankind. But the way of the world is that when you expect the warmth of a hand you get the tip of a gloved finger.

I am drifting into dreadful somber hues. I shall write in my happiest vein tomorrow.

Answers to Correspondents.

Myrtle S. K., of Shreveport: I use no cosmetics to give me a clear skin, but I try to be very careful of my diet. If you suffer from indigestion as you say you do, why don't you try a cup of hot water the first thing in the morning? I drink quarts of water a day and milk, when I am sure it is pure. Nature's remedies are the safest and always the best.

"Little Minnesota Maid," living in St. Paul, will find her hands always red and sore in winter if she continues to wear the thin gloves she writes me about. It is dear of you to want hands like mine, but I would have very homely ones if I didn't take the greatest care of them. I always use camphor and mutton tallow at night when they are the least bit chapped.

John M., of Victoria, wants to know how much is paid for a scenario. The prices range from \$15 up to several hundred. A good, gripping story with a new plot will always bring a large price. No, there is not much danger of your play being stolen from you if you send it to reliable companies.

Mary Pickford.



MY FIRST DAY IN PICTURES.

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AFTER I had left Belasco we were eager—Lottie and I—to see if there could be an opportunity for us in moving pictures. Timidly we visited several of the studios, but the men whom we interviewed looked at us disinterestedly and promised us as rosiely as they promised every one else that we might be called there any day for work. But a whole year passed and to our disappointment we decided that many are called, but few are chosen!

Mother was playing at a theater in Brooklyn when I, out of work, tried my luck once more. It was a few days after Easter and, dressed in my best of Easter bargains, with hope in my heart, I started out. Because I felt that this was to be my gala day, I adorned myself in my beautiful new white serge suit, the first new suit I had had for many, many months. For in those hard times the spending of \$15 for a dress meant that it was mother who had to sacrifice something she really needed.

I went to the Biograph studio first and timidly asked for the manager. Then a tall, severe-looking man with a firm mouth and kindly eyes looked at me and said, "Well, little girl, what do you want?"

"I would like to work here," I replied, "if you will let me see the manager."

"My name is Griffith," and he smiled at me encouragingly. "I'm the manager here. Have you ever been in 'pictures' before?"

A Veteran Artist.

"No, Mr. Griffith," I apologized timidly. "I have been with Mr. Belasco for two years and have had ten years' experience on the stage. I am 15 years old." I added this to impress him with the fact that I was old enough to know what I wanted and that I carried upon my shoulders the weight of much experience. This amused Mr. Griffith, and he took me kindly by the hand, leading me through the office and on to the stage. My heart was beating like a tom-tom and the noise as well as the brilliant blue lights quite terrified me.

"Take off your hat," Mr. Griffith told me. "I will put you right to work to see what you can do."

I obeyed him mechanically and let him lead me, like a lamb to the slaughter, a few feet from the camera. Hardly conscious of what was going on about me, I stumbled through the scenes, wild eyed and gasping for breath.

A Fortune in Hand.

When I was finished Mr. Griffith gave me a slip to collect \$10 and told me I could come there the following morning to work.

Nothing in my life had ever looked quite so big to me as that ten-dollar

bill. I crumpled it into the palm of my hand and ran like a rabbit out of that studio and down to the street car. It had already begun to sprinkle, but so thrilled was I with the unexpected good fortune that the great raindrops splashed upon my new three-dollar hat without my caring a whit for them. In fact they felt deliciously cool as they coursed down my flaming cheeks. My one thought was to get to Brooklyn, to my mother, to give her the \$10 and tell her there were many more surprises just like that coming for all of us.

Like a drowned kitten, I reached Brooklyn and ran in the storm for blocks and blocks, scorned the snail-like street cars, until I reached the theater where mother was playing.

The first thing I said to her as I rushed into her arms was: "Mamma, what do you think? I'm a moving picture actress. A man named Mr. Griffith has given me a job at the American Biograph Studio. I made \$10 and I'm going to make an awful lot of money so you can have a fine house with twenty rooms in it and an automobile and—"

I stopped to catch my breath and I looked at mother, who was pointing to my bedraggled clothes—they were utterly and hopelessly ruined!

But it is always after a storm the sun shines the brightest, so this, my first memorable day in pictures, prophesied much for me.

Answers to Correspondents.

Katherine P., Columbus, Ohio. I am disappointed to think your first attempt to imitate me should have been the bleaching of your hair. My own hair is growing darker every day and I would never dream of attempting to change its color. If I were you I would let it turn back to its natural shade as bleached hair makes one look false and so much older.

Mrs. Palmer, of Seattle, writes to tell me they are naming the baby after me, Mary Pickford Palmer. It is the greatest compliment in the world, but I do not believe a wonderful little baby should be named after a perfect stranger. I always envy little girls who are named after their mother, or their dear grandmothers. Don't you think it would be wiser to do that?

Mrs. Wainwright asks me if the lights we use in the studios hurt the eyes. Her little girl had done some extra work and had complained about pains in the sockets of her eyes. Yes, indeed, if the eyes are at all weak the lights are blinding. Dreadful headaches result from them, and if your daughter's eyes are weak I would keep her away from them.

Mary Pickford.



THE GIRLS AND I.

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"THERE was a young lady who lived in a shoe; she had so many sisters she didn't know what to do!" I might transform the old Mother Goose rhyme into this, for every day I receive sometimes a hundred letters from girls who are adopting me for their sister. And I like it, too. It makes me thrill with happiness to know I am loved by them and in turn I feel their eyes upon me when I work. It makes me want to do things so they will always be proud of me. Now they have offered me their loving friendship I want to prove that I am the appreciator.

It is strange, but I receive very few letters from boys. Since "Rags," some little fellows have ventured to write upon my prowess as a fighter and many letters are asking me the whereabouts of my pets. One of the cunningest I have ever received came from a youngster who signed himself "Buffalo-Bill the Second." Part of it read: "I seen you on my birthday in 'Rags.' I'm nine years old. You wuz pretty spunkie when it come to lickin the fellers. I guess you culd fight better becuz you had overhalls on. It made you look like a boy if you didn't have such sillie curls. I belong to the Salmon Alley gang. No sissie could ever lick us. I wuld like to have your foto if you aint got one of the dog. I guess if you doant mind I wuld like to have one of the dog the best. Your friend Buffalo Bill, the Second."

Letters In Great Variety.

The girls are not always so frank, but they are more flattering. Often they send me pictures of themselves, such dear pictures for my album. I have a wonderful collection now from all over the world. Most of them are autographed and many in languages I cannot read, from Japan, China, and even South Africa. The other day I received a letter from a little Esquimaux girl, and I have many photographs of Indian girls who tell me they always watch for the release of my pictures.

Some of my littlest girl friends send me photographs taken with their favorite doll, telling me, because of her golden hair they have named her Mary Pickford. But the sweetest pictures of all are the little mothers, with their real golden-haired babies. Some of them are so young I read their letters twice to make sure they are not their tiny sisters instead of their very own little babies. To me a girl is so blessed to have children while she is young; then they really grow up together like our mother has with us. She is so companionable and has all the spirit of a young girl.

When I was little, I have to confess, girls' games were not so appealing to me as climbing trees, scrambling over fences or playing marbles with my brother. He liked to play with me, too, because I was as rough a boy, and then he was proud of me because I choked back the tears when I tumbled and fell on my nose. And because of that pride I didn't

dare to let him know how hard I cried inside of me or how much it hurt.

"My sister Mary's not afraid of anything," he would brag to the boys. This always seemed to make a deep impression upon his boy friends, and Jack was always willing I should tag along after him.

A Watchful Big Brother.

Not only was he my playmate, but he was also my chaperon. Mother would tell him to look out for me, and he never strayed a foot from my shadow. He was in every sense of the word the "small brother." Even when we grew up and I was old enough to go to parties, Jack was the one to take me.

No one ever had the opportunity to sit alone with me away from the dances in one of those happy little cozy corners. Jack was there to make the observing third. At my first party one young man ventured to admire my simple evening gown. Jack overheard it. "Mary paid \$5 for those blue satin slippers," he interrupted us. "I wrote and told mamma all about it. She went and paid \$5 for the gloves, too. She cried because I said she had spent too much money just for a silly old party."

I nudged him to keep him quiet, but who has even been able to stop a small brother once he begins to talk? He went right on telling the man that this was my first party and how afraid I was that no one would ask me to dance.

But I shall never forget what a happy time I had after all and all because the girls I met were so dear to me. If girls were kinder to each other how much happiness there would be in the world.

I do not think we are as loyal to each other as we could be, either, and there is so much petty jealousy between women. That is something I have fought to overcome and I feel happier and stronger because I am winning my battle. Jealousy is almost as great a destroyer as war.

This was to have been an article about girls, but I have said almost as much about "boys." That is because if we are really, truly feminine we can't get entirely away from the masculine.

I hope I shall make as many girl friends in the years to come as I have in the past. One can never have too many friends—or even "adopted sisters."

Answers to Correspondents.

Mable Franks, Salt Lake City, Utah: It takes about six weeks to make a five-reel photoplay, and costs often as much as \$75,000 or \$100,000.

Mildred G., Philadelphia: Your romance reads like a scenario, and I thank you for taking me into your confidence. But don't you think your mother is the one to help you decide which of the two men you should marry? Mothers seldom make mistakes. All I hope is that you will be happy in your choice.

Mary Pickford.



MEMORIES OF "ON THE ROAD."

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LOTTIE was sent along to take care of and understudy me when at seven and eight we had to leave our mother and Jack for a tour on the road.

I shudder when I look back on our experiences, lonely, timid and frightened children. There were the clang of noise of the new cities we were hustled into and the indifference of the companies, who did not care to bother about a couple of scary-eyed theatrical children. On those long nights, in cheap, dingy rooms of strange hotels, Lottie and I would huddle in bed to keep warm and then we would write our letters home. Mother showed me one the other day, taking it out of her treasure box. It read:

"Darling Mamma: We are very lonesome for you and Jack, but everybody is good to us. We have a nice, warm room. We have nice things to eat. Lottie and I are not scared a bit. We never cry. We laugh a lot. We pray, too. We only cry when we read your letters. Thank you, mamma, dearest, for the coats. I say that mine is the prettiest. Lottie says that her's is. So, you see, we are both satisfied and happy. Good-by mamma, darling, and Jack."

"Mary and Lottie."

And so our mother never knew how much we children suffered. That has always been the spirit in our family—to shoulder our own crosses. Dear mother, if she had known her heart would have broken!

An Impatient Understudy.

Lottie at seven was a mischievous, fun-loving youngster whom the terrors of travel did not always subdue. After helping me to dress for each performance, she stood in the wings and went through my part, always eager for the opportunity to take my place.

"It's no fun to be an understudy to any one as healthy as you," Lottie would say to me tearfully. "Mary, aren't you ever going to get sick?"

Of course, I sympathized with her, but in spite of draughts, not enough to eat at times, long hours, sleepless nights and the change of climate I persisted in keeping well and strong. Lottie grew more and more discouraged. The first thing she would ask me as she hopped out of bed in the morning was, "Do you think you will be well enough to work this afternoon, Mary?"

I took a long breath into my lungs, looked at myself in the mirror, rubbed my hand across my stomach and always replied, as sympathetically as I could, "I can't seem to find a thing the matter with me, Lottie, dear."

"It's no use," as she sat down on the edge of the trunk dejected. "No one will ever believe I'm an actress. They'll think all I know how to do is to button dresses and keep your shoes polished. I want to go home to my mother."

A Scheme that Worked.

It was really a very sad state of

affairs, and I decided to speak to the manager about it in Lottie's favor. But before I had the chance Lottie took matters into her own hands. That afternoon she was dressing me in a rush, for the bell had rung for my curtain and there was danger of my being late for my cues. One of my stockings was missing and nowhere to be found. I heard them calling me from the wings, and I was terrified.

"Here it is!" squealed Lottie, diving under the couch. I grabbed it out of her hands, my teeth chattering with nervousness as I slipped my toes into it. At the bottom of the stocking my foot touched something that wiggled and squirmed and clutched hold of my toes. I screamed at the top of my lungs and hurled the stocking across the room.

"What is it? What is it?" several cried as they rushed into the dressing room. The stage manager came in and, livid with rage, he dragged me out. "They have been waiting for you five minutes, young lady." And his voice was anything but pleasant.

I was whirled into the scene, and in my bare feet I went through my part. After it was over, I flew to my dressing room. Lottie was there looking at me sheepishly out of the corner of her eyes. "The stage manager said I was to do your part tonight," she began timidly. "He has to punish you for being late, you know."

"What was it you put in my stocking, you bad girl?" I demanded, stamping my foot.

Lottie edged nearer to the door. "Look! I saved him for you. He's in the bottle on the window sill."

I shuddered as I looked at him, the most villainous-looking beetle I had ever seen.

"You wicked little thing," I cried, but she was gone. Then I smiled to myself. A beetle in my stocking wasn't half so bad as being sick, and after all, it wasn't fair that I should play the part all the time when Lottie was just as clever as I.

So that night it was I who dressed Lottie and watched her from the wings—and the audience liked her, too, I think better than they did me.

Answers to Correspondents.

Clara L. McD., Norwalk, Conn.: Your telling me that you put a mild solution of belladonna into your eyes to make them look brighter shocked me. Of course, we never do such things, and whoever told you was in the wrong. They must have said boracic acid. We bathe our eyes in that often to rest them after being in the sun all day. Before you realize it, you will have some serious eye trouble."

Catherine Powers, New Haven, Conn.: I shall write an article on my favorite books—I have so many.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY
TALKSBy
Mary Pickford

THE MERCILESS CAMERA.

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DO you know that I am still afraid of the camera? It seems an awful confession from one who has faced a camera every day for a good many years, but I am like a horse afraid of fire—once burned, twice shy.

In reading the old legends of Ulysses I came across a description of the Cyclops. It was listed as a demon with one eye in the middle of its head and nothing escaped that eye. If it was a Cyclops yesterday, it certainly is a camera today.

I think you know the feeling if you have ever been to a photographer. It is self-consciousness, but sometimes it makes me quite giddy and I almost resent the insolent way the camera eyes me. When the director tells me to look into the lens I look just above it, or below it, as if I were scanning its forehead instead of gazing into its pupil.

One who has never been in moving pictures has no idea how many things we have to remember at once.

If we make a mistake the merciless camera catches it and it is there, registered and held against us. That is why the smallest details must be perfect in costume and manner.

When there are four or five actors playing leading roles and a mob in the background, this faithfulness to the smallest detail causes innumerable rehearsals. I have had very dramatic scenes taken over and over because in the background one of the extra people had looked into the camera or had made a false move.

The audience may not be conscious of it, but it detects every flaw. Sitting behind some people at the theater, I overheard them saying, as a grocery store was flashed upon the screen, "They try to tell us this all happened in the dead of winter and just look at those boxes of apricots, pears and peaches."

Now in "Madam Butterfly" I had to do five different things at once besides listening to the director and keeping my eye on the camera so I would not overstep the bounds outlined. I had to remember, first of all, that I was no longer an American girl, with an American girl's manner and mannerisms, but a little daughter of old Japan. Then they gave me a strange Japanese musical instrument which had to be held and strummed a certain way.

Nor must I forget my Japanese walk, the customary low bow which is so difficult because we sway to the ground; the Oriental mannerisms, and, most important of all, to remember that the Japanese girls never

show their teeth when they smile, but cover their mouths with their hands.

We had a cute little kitchen exactly fitted as they are in Japan, and I had several lessons before I could master the many odd little kettles and bowls. Those are the details that make moving-picture acting so difficult.

The camera, too, serves to delight in showing up the crow's feet and the lines around your mouth. A wrinkle may be cold-creamed and powdered out of sight for the stage-folk, but it shows up pitilessly on the screen. A freckle, if it is not well covered with grease paint, looks large as a ginger snap when the film registers it. That is why I headed this article "The Merciless Camera."

It really makes one look older and less attractive than in real life. It sees only your features and cares not a whit if your eyes are violet and your hair red gold. Your complexion may be like a rose leaf, with a sprinkling of tiny little freckles across the bridge of your nose. On the screen, as all red photographs black, your rosy cheeks become hollows and the freckles give you the appearance of a turkey's egg. Also, if you ever had any vanity the camera will steal it away from you.

Answers to Correspondents.

Virginia D., Portland, Oreg., wishes to know what I think about women driving automobiles.

I see no reason why a woman shouldn't drive her own car. I drive mine, and I drive it through the crowded streets of New York. You know the men say that women shouldn't drive cars because they can't keep their heads in time of accident. I don't believe that. If a woman has poise and is not nervous she is ready for any emergency.

Alice B. writes from Grand Junction, Colo., to ask if I plan my clothes for the characters I take in film work.

Mother and I together plan them, and the right sort of a costume for a poor girl of the slums is harder to get than the attire of the wealthy. One can always get the latter at the stores, but we find that to secure better effects it is best to buy the materials and have our dresses made. But it is sometimes difficult to find a dress, a hat and a coat to suit the character, say, of a foundling, particularly when the foundling was supposed to have lived fifteen or twenty years ago.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY
TALKSBy
Mary Pickford

MY FAVORITE CHARACTERS.

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THERE was no character I ever played so whimsical or as full of spirit as Tess of the Storm Country. Whenever I am asked what play, either of the spoken or silent drama, I like best, I answer without having to ponder upon it—Tess.

I think my friends all over the world have liked Tess the best, for I have had hundreds of letters, even from the little children whom I thought would be better pleased with Cinderella. Some of them vote for "Hearts Adrift," but Tess is the one who stands out most vividly.

Rags is another harum-scarum, and many have written that Rags comes second.

To me Tess was such a dear because she has so many sides to her character. That is what made her so human, and still there was nothing of the namby-pamby about her. There were some keen moments of tragedy in her life, of melting pathos, and yet the most delicious of comedy situations.

She was deeply religious even in her profanity. But Tess had no idea she was profane; she just hadn't the chance to be "tached," as Tess would say, and, like all little tikes brought up without a mother, she was hungry for divine knowledge. When she felt the need of a Bible and couldn't afford one, she stole her Bible out of the church. Nor could she understand them when they told her she had done something wrong, that even such a theft was a sin.

When I read the book I loved her and when I played her my whole heart and soul were in my work. She always seemed like a real girl to me, not a girl in a story book.

I have begun to realize how quick the public is to appreciate the sincerity of the actor or actress. The dramas in which we give the best that is in us are always the ones they enjoy the most. They are quick to detect any falseness, and unnatural characters are ruled off the boards these days. It really requires greater effort and skill to develop a character than a plot.

In "Hearts Adrift" I felt all the abandon of a little wild thing; it was almost as if I belonged to another planet. We actresses enter so into the characters we are playing it is hard to shake off the spell of them and resume our normal, work-a-day lives. During the harum-scarum part of Tess, long after my scenes were taken, would I strut around, saucy

as a new spring hat and independent as a small boy. In "Hearts Adrift" I used to stretch out my bare arms and run against the wind, feeling it cool and fragrant as it brushed my cheeks or tumbled my curls. I loved the touch of the warm earth on my bare feet, although I must admit to an odd "Ouch!" now and then when I stepped on a sharp rock or pirouetted upon a sliver. It was such a natural and such a care-free life, all the petty conventions of our own daily existence seemed dull and colorless compared to it. I am always sorry when my out-or-door work is over with.

In California we find some of our most beautiful backgrounds. There are the sea, the high mountains, fertile valleys, deserts, and acres of tropical growth. Tess was taken at Santa Monica, half an hour from Los Angeles and just a few yards away from the Inceville studios.

During the Eastern winters we generally go to California, but this year we shall remain in New York, and when we are to take pictures that call for the green things we shall go to Florida or even Cuba. So, you see, we lead a life of "hurry—pack—catch the train—stay a while—then back again." But I like it. I enjoy seeing the country and the change of climate if you don't have to put up with too many inconveniences.

Answers to Correspondents.

Miriam C., Stamford, Conn., writes: "Pardon my criticism, Miss Pickford, but we did not like you as well in 'Such a Little Queen' because you wore modern clothes. Can't you always play raggedy parts?"

Instead of a poor little rich girl, must I forever play a rich little poor girl? I must confess the most appealing characters to me are raggedy girls as you call them. But I do enjoy dressing up once in a while. Won't the public let me?

Mr. Dalton L. D., Atlanta, Ga.: How grateful I am for your beautiful praise and to know I bring happiness into your life through my pictures. I enjoyed your paragraph about adopting a grandfather. You are right. Why shouldn't we adopt lonely old people as well as children? Your own grandchildren must be very proud of you. To me it is wonderful to be 88 years old and still able to take them to the picture shows several times a week.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY
TALKSBy
Mary Pickford

GIFTS AND LETTERS I RECEIVE.

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FROM all over the world do I receive gifts, most of them from strangers who sign themselves "Your friends and admirers," and they are usually sweet little tokens made at home.

From Bermuda I have quite a store of shell necklaces; from India, China and Japan, ornaments carved in ivory, painted fans and sandalwood boxes. Two or three have sent me delicious candied fruits from the Hawaiian Islands, and from every corner of the map come souvenir cards or kodak pictures.

Each week I am sure to get a little art gallery of original drawings, among them many portraits of myself. These are especially interesting to me, as all my life I have longed to draw pictures. In my spare moments I model little clay figures and the other afternoon I felt a glow of pleasure as I finished what I thought a very successful figure of a young lady in full skirts dancing. I saw that it was placed in a conspicuous corner of my dressing room and there I eyed it proudly.

But pride goeth before a fall and in came my director. I pointed to my little statue and he looked at it a long, long time before he said anything. "I can't quite make out, Miss Pickford," he remarked at last, "whether it is supposed to be a yacht at full sail or a windmill on a stormy day. But whatever it is, it is certainly clever." I so agreed with him that it disappeared into my waste-paper basket behind the dressing-room table and I decided I could never be a sculptress.

That is why I enjoy the original sketches.

Many drawings have come from across the water, right from the war zone. Several I have received from young men, still boys in years and experience, who tried to remember how I looked on the screen, and there in the trenches added to their letters little costumed sketches of me. They make my heart ache; to be remembered so happily in such dreadful surroundings.

"I read in a scrap of newspaper that you were putting on 'Esmeralda,'" writes a boy from the French frontier. "Gee, but it makes me sick to think we are missing it. Say, can't you promise us fellows that admire you to save your best pictures until we come marching home again? I am sending you a little picture I drew of you last night. You will excuse this dirty paper and the pencil, won't you? That mud spattered in the corner was made by a bullet. They got so hot around me when I was drawing I thought I would hit the long trail before I got it finished. What would you say if you read in the newspaper that an American soldier fighting for England got killed while he was drawing a picture of Mary Pickford? My girl back in England wouldn't have got jealous, for she loves you, too."

The gift which affected me most was a little knitted sack and a pair of bedroom slippers sent to me by a German mother in memory of her daughter.

I read her letter many, many times before I put it into my treasure box. "The only one I had in the world to love and to love me was a daughter just your age. She was so well and strong I never dreamed I would not always have her with me, for she came to me late in life and I am getting old. One day she caught a dreadful cold. Pneumonia developed and after ten days of suffering my little girl left me."

"We used to go to the theater together every time you were on the program. While others remarked her resemblance to you I never saw it until after she had gone. Then, one night, when I saw you were to play here I went, because I felt she would like to have me do this. When you first appeared in the picture you smiled. I thought you were smiling at me, and I held out my arms with a cry. You looked so much like my poor little girl I wanted to take you right to my breast. Since then I go every time you are on the film, and if there are two performances I go to both. The pictures are my only comfort."

"Because you are so much alike I am sending you two little gifts. I made them in her favorite color, weaving love into every stitch. Will you accept them with a mother's love?"

I spend many hours studying the faces of the little children who send me their photographs and their amusing letters, written in a childish scrawl. Then there are letters from sailors on battleships and many mementoes of the foreign ports they visit.

The most patriotic gift I have ever received was from a man in the Philippine. It was a service bar showing that he had served in three wars.

Answers to Correspondents.

A girl who is taking singing lessons and practicing two hours a day writes from Boise City, Idaho, to ask me if I ever sang on the stage.

In one of my earliest plays, when still a child, I had a very important singing part, which I did indifferently well. But in spite of having a very wee voice, I have always loved to sing.

Mayme R. G., says she is so glad we have the same name.

I am glad, too, but I am sorry she is not called Mary. Surely Mary is a prettier and finer name than any nickname could be. I have never been called by any other name all my life, and I am very proud of it.

A girl from a city in Massachusetts asks for \$300. "It would be safe, wouldn't it," she asks, "to send the money through the mail?"

A money order or a draft is safer. While the losses occasioned by sending money through the mail are small comparatively, still there is always a risk.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY
TALKSBy
Mary Pickford

MY SECOND DAY IN PICTURES.

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I DO not think I had slept more than forty winks the night before, but had tossed and tumbled in the bed until the dawn came sneaking into my room. Then I got up and, partly dressed, I tiptoed, so as not to disturb mamma, over to the dresser mirror. What I saw in the mirror was not very pleasing to me, but I figured that it was pretty close to what the camera had to look at, so I must make the best of it. I decided to practice my arts upon myself, so I leaned over and addressed my image in pantomime just as I had heard that Sir Henry Irving did. The day before, Mr. Griffith had told me to express joy, sorrow, anger and even love, so I made up my mind by the time I got to the studio I would be fully prepared for anything.

"Now," I said to myself, "pretend that you are a poor little orphan being turned out on the streets by a cruel guardian."

I drew my mouth down in both corners and raised my eyes to the ceiling. Of course, being the orphan, I had to do a lot of pleading with the hardened brute, and I worked myself up into such a state of self-pity that real tears came splashing down my cheeks and I did not notice that my mother had got out of bed and was watching me with astonishment.

"Why, Mary, darling," she cried, seeing that my tears were real, "what on earth is the matter?"

"I'm a poor little orphan, mamma, dearest, and he's turning me out into the snow to starve," I gasped out between sobs and edging closer to the mirror so I would miss none of my own performance.

"That moving-picture business has gone to your head," mother scolded me. "It is only a quarter past six and you haven't slept half the night. If you don't look well they won't want you to work for them. Hop back into bed—you have only a few minutes for resting."

It seemed to me hours passed between daylight and the happy moment I crossed the threshold of Mr. Griffith's office and stepped out on the stage again.

"You look very pretty this morning," complimented Mr. Griffith, for he saw how trembling with excitement I was, and he was all sympathetic. "It must take at least two maids to comb all those curls out."

"No, sir," I answered him eagerly, "I do it all by myself."

"Indeed! You're a clever little girl, you!"

"I think I could play an orphan," I interrupted him. "I practiced it all out before the mirror this morning. Are orphans popular?"

"Very," he replied, the smile crinkling the corners of his eyes, "but do you think a plump little girl, with cheeks as round as apples and long, well-brushed curls looks quite like a poor little orphan?"

I started to explain how much I knew about making up when we were surrounded by a group of men. "This is our latest acquisition," introduced Mr. Griffith, "little Mary Pickford, gentlemen."

I shook hands timidly with Arthur

Johnson, Billy Quirk, Mack Sennett, Owen Moore, Jim Kirkwood and half a dozen others who teased me by swarming around me, asking me a hundred absurd questions and laughing when I blushed furiously.

"I think you will be my sweetheart," said Arthur Johnson, winking slyly at the others. "Won't you, Miss Pickford?"

"I have never had a sweetheart," I answered him, very savagely. "I intend to be an old maid."

"So much the better," laughed Mack Sennett. "You'll do for me."

A third man turned to me. "I'm much better looking than they are. Wouldn't you like to have me for a sweetheart?" It was Jim Kirkwood.

"Sir!" I commanded, stamping my foot, "you needn't think just because I'm an actress you can insult me." And with my head held high I walked away from them. How I hated them for daring to laugh at and tease me; for when you have reached the dignity of fifteen years you feel very important, and the impudent actors had completely ignored this.

The work went better than the first day, but I remained in an eight-hour pout. And because of that pout they planned their revenge. My second day in pictures was the beginning of many, many months of torment, all of which at that time I took very seriously.

"Tomorrow," promised Mr. Griffith, "you shall do your first love scene."

The second day I didn't run all the way home to tell mother and Lottie—the novelty was beginning to wear off. But I thrilled to think that on the morrow I was to be made love to—for the first time in my life.

Answers to Correspondents.

Miss Lillian Devose wants to know a remedy for a nose turning red on a cold day, when the color would be so much more becoming if it would appear in the cheeks. This most unbecoming mark of the weather is a proof that one's condition is below par. It means a nervous system, impoverished blood and poor circulation, and sometimes is due solely to indigestion.

"Anxious Mother" writes: "My daughter has an abnormal appetite for candy. What shall I do about it?"

I know very little about medicine, but I have heard old-fashioned physicians say that the system demands what it needs. Perhaps your daughter needs candy, and if it is pure it will not hurt her.

"I wish I could earn some money," a young woman writes me from Troy, New York. "I can do nothing but cook and there is no money in that. Shall I try moving pictures?"

The highest salaries paid in this country are paid to chefs. Any cook who knows of only one secret in good cookery has a better chance to make money by it than if she were possessed of an unlimited knowledge on some scientific subject. I wouldn't try pictures unless I was sure I was an actress.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY
TALKSBy
Mary Pickford

MY FIRST AERIAL BALLET.

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IT was the first time I was ever taken behind the scenes and my heart beat so loud and so fast my body tingled from head to toe. My dream of dreams coming true! To peek behind those mysteries and know what composed the theater, to have a "close-up" of actors and actresses, to see what this strange place which I felt even at that age was to influence the greatest part of my life looked like.

I clung to mother's hand so tight I almost bruised her fingers. The wall from the house to the theater seemed an endless one, but I filled it with a thousand questions. Why were actresses and when could I be one? Did they eat just the same things we did or were their suppers lots nicer because they weren't everyday people like us?

At last we reached the stage door and a very cross man with a strong German accent grumbled because he seemed afraid I would be in the way or that I might be noisy while the curtain was up. Mamma assured him I would behave myself, and I was far too scared to cause any noisy riot. I merely greeted the wonders with dumb lips and staring eyes.

Mother was making dresses in those days, and she had been sent for by the leading lady of the theater.

The thought of having an actress' wardrobe within our four walls added a great deal of color to our lives, but here was I following mamma around these amazing walls of scenery in back of a stage. "You wait here, Mary, dear," she said, setting me on a big box. "You can see everything from here and mamma won't be gone long."

I did not tell her then how frightened I was at the idea of being left alone, but I choked down the lump in my throat and nodded that I would be contented to wait.

The lights went up and people began to bustle and stir, running past me, calling out orders or moving the painted scenery into place. Far, far off I could hear faint strains of music and then a violent ringing of bells. Two beautiful ladies who looked like dolls, all white and Christmas-tree shiny, came hurrying past, then stopped and spoke to me, pulling me by one of my curls. And then a dozen more came; gathering around me, teasing me a little and embarrassing me much.

At the ringing of a third bell they all rushed to their places and burst into song. It sounded to me like the circus parade that had once come to Toronto, but I settled myself comfortably for a wonderful time.

The curtain went up and the noises increased. They rose and fell like the wails of a storm; then the stage went creepy dark and I looked around me to see if I could catch a glimpse of my mother coming for me. The darkness was mighty pleasant and the voices were softer now, like stage whispers. Then many colored lights began to twinkle on the stage and I leaned forward to see the beautiful Christmas-tree ladies all dancing toward the center of the stage.

Suddenly, with the sound of a great rolling of the drums, they put their toes gracefully together, waved their arms and, to my horror, began to rise from the earth, higher and higher and higher! I trembled so my teeth were

rattling in my head. I looked about me. These strange, bewitched ladies were dancing like birds in the air and I knew it had happened there, just as it always did in grandmother's fairy stories—a wicked old woman had bewitched them!

One of the ladies, the one who had stopped to pull my curls came swooping down almost upon me. She came so close her foot touched my hair as I huddled nearer the wings and she laughed as she saw me. "Hello, little cutesy scareface!"

"Go away!" I shouted as loud as I could. "You're bewitched!"

"You'd better stop that noise or you'll be put out," came a voice from behind me. It was the villain of the show, and he had on a bright red devil's costume. I swung around to see who had scolded me and when I saw who it was my eyes almost popped from my head.

"Please, Mr. Devil, forgive me. Don't put the bad spell on me, Mr. Devil. Oh, I want my mamma—m-a-m-m-a!" The sentence ended in a prolonged wail which I know reached the audience. For the devil himself clasped his hand over my mouth and held me as I kicked frantically at his shins.

Mother came rushing out and grabbed me into her arms. I clung to her sobbing and buried my head on her shoulder. As big a girl as I was—I think I was four then—my mother had to carry me out like a baby. My knees never would have supported me.

As we passed that old German gate-keeper he mumbled louder than ever: "Vel—ain't it—don't I vass telling dem—whose vault vass it? Not me—I don't want no brats allowed past dese gates—nein—nein—pests—yowling cats—arous mit 'em—ja!—ja!"

When we got outside I wanted mamma to run home with me. Home was the safest place in the world. But she made me listen to her explanation of how the aerial ballet was made to fly by long wires suspended from the ceiling to a belt around the dancers' waists.

I confess I was a bit disappointed, now I was safely outside in the sunshine. They were not bewitched after all. It would have made a much better story to have told my grandmother.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. Louise G., —, —, —: There are many women of fifty who are earning a great deal of money on the stage today, but it might be hard for you, never having been an actress, to start out now and find encouragement. Your white hair and motherly face would be lovely in pictures, but a character actress has a most difficult role. I cannot advise you to spend your little savings to come to New York. Our moving-picture work is so uncertain.

Glady-Wallace, —, —, —, asks me how I take care of my skin. I put glycerin and rosewater on every night before I go to bed, but there are some skin textures that cannot stand it. I think my best remedy is two glasses of cold water before I go to bed and two the first thing in the morning.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY
TALKSBy
Mary Pickford

DIFFERENT ATMOSPHERES.

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ON Monday, we might be taking scenes in the Bowery. On Tuesday, we seek some beautiful park; Wednesday it becomes necessary to hunt out a little farmhouse up in Connecticut; Thursday and Friday, we are before some Fifth avenue mansion and, Saturday, far out at sea. Sometimes we travel from one end of the continent to the other for scenes. We moving-picture people have become nomads, pitching our tents at every rare location.

We took a great many scenes for "Peppina" around the most beautiful Italian estate I have ever visited. It was the home of a multimillionaire, a palace such as one dreams about or believes exists only between the covers of one's fairy tales.

When I came out, dressed in my Italian costume, I found the owner standing near the camera. He was an interested observer and said boyishly, "Well, Miss Pickford, when does the show begin?"

I looked at the skies. There were threatening black clouds floating past the sun and great shadows fell upon the earth. "I'm afraid it will be too dark to take any pictures," I replied, mighty disappointed, for we had come many miles from New York.

He called for his car and drove me miles and miles over his wonderful estate. Desiring to get certain artistic effects, he had made valleys where there were hills and hills where it had been just level waste ground. In breathless wonderment, I sat back while we drove through this fairyland. Just think, there were thirty-six fountains through the grounds and they were all playing at once. I asked him with amazement what made the water that sprang into the air so crystal clear, like millions of little diamonds sparkling in the sunlight. He told me it was because there were filters in every fountain. In the ponds were rare lilies that looked like amber and old rose goblets. My fingers almost trembled to touch them, and I grew quite dizzy as I breathed in their heavy tropical perfumes.

I was invited to take lunch with the family and as I look back upon it I smile to myself, remembering his invitation. "We dine very simply," he half apologized, "but you are most welcome."

Never have I seen anything so beautiful as his wife's room; my words are too threadbare to describe it. I felt as if I had been whisked into a castle. At the exquisite dresser I hurried with my make-up, but it took me much longer than usual to get it off. I was so busy looking around me. And then for the nice, simple luncheon! A simple luncheon to me is a sandwich and a glass of milk, but my host and hostess had apologized for what to me was the most wonderful and elaborate of

feasts. I was so excited over a delicious imported cantaloupe I could hardly swallow it. It made me think of the time when I was a little girl and never could enjoy anything unless I had stored away a bite for my mother. And I would have enjoyed tucking one half of that melon into my blouse to take home with me!

Then we had creamed eggs on toast, perfect fried chicken, the best butter I had ever tasted and dainty little hot muffins. In fact, there were so many delicious things to eat I would make your mouths water if I dwelt upon them any longer. I only wrote about it to show you why I was so amused when he apologized for their simple luncheon.

A beautiful organ, run by electricity played all the time we were in the dining room. And by contrast I thought of how I had fared the day before. A large chunk of bread and a piece of Italian cheese eaten as I rested for a moment, sitting on the doorstep of an East Side tenement.

They were eager to hear about moving pictures, especially the personal side of our lives. He gave me some valuable suggestions for safe investments and we talked long upon charity. We both agreed that 10 per cent of one's income should go to charity.

I told him I gave to the poor when I saw they needed it. One of my most interesting cases is a bright little girl I had taken just in time from squalid surroundings and put in an invalid home up State. She has been there two years now and soon I will be able to send her to school.

To me charity should begin at home, and because it usually does one never really knows what demands are met by those who have large incomes. They do not tell and sometimes the world, not knowing, misjudges them. My host agreed with me.

Answers to Correspondents.

I have a letter from a woman in Chicago I would like to publish in full if I had the space. "We do not give up our Thanksgiving turkey because there are only two left to eat it," she writes. "We have it just the same, and invite in enough of our homeless boarding-house friends to equal the size our family would be if all were here. Do you know, I have a notion that this is why the Lord makes turkeys so large."

Such a discouraged letter from Harry L., of Altoona, Pa., because he hasn't as much money as his rival to spend on the girl both admire. He is afraid this will cause him to lose her. I am sure she is not that mercenary. If she is, this is a good time to find it out.

Mary Pickford.



THE WOOLLY WEST.

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There is so much about the East I like and so much about the West I could never decide, if I had to pitch my tent in one place permanently, whether I would choose the wonderful cities of the East or the great untrammelled forests, high mountains and fertile valleys of the West. But we moving picture actors and actresses are very fortunate to be able to travel, and as each photoplay takes about six weeks to produce, we can stay in one location long enough to become acclimated.

When I first went to California for the American Biograph Company, Western pictures were all the vogue, and they whisked us away to the deserts of Southern California and Arizona, out on those big ranches, to stage our pictures. I was fascinated by the life which seemed almost primitive after being cooped up so many years within four walls of a city apartment, and I could not get used to the vast areas of country, which make you feel like a grain of sand on a mighty shore when you are face to face with them.

I can well remember my first rodeo and how exciting it was. At the time I suffered; it was really terrifying to live in constant fear the cowboys would injure themselves as they rode, in dare-devil manner, those little fiery Indian ponies or Western bronchos. I have seen them thrown into the air and land in an unconscious heap upon the hard ground; then, two minutes later, they would spring to their feet to catch and subdue that "ornery cuss," as the cowboy always calls his horse when he misbehaves. (Of course, that is not all he calls the arbitrary animal, but if I went into detail it would not only shock but scandalize my readers!)

They were so picturesque to me, and I thought them very handsome, in their wide Stetson hats, a gaudy bandanna handkerchief fluttering around their necks, and a bright red shirt which made a colorful spot in otherwise drab surroundings.

A Cowboy Suitor.

I remember and am about to confess that one handsome cowboy particularly interested me. He was six feet, three inches and had deep-set gray eyes and thick black hair which was attractively uncombed. He had a frank, boyish smile and his teeth were large and white and even. He rode a prancing little horse called "Red Leggings," and the other cowboys told me that there wasn't a bucking broncho in the corral he could not ride unafraid.

All the time we were at the ranch taking pictures he was our guide and interpreter, for he spoke not only a smattering of Spanish to the "greasers" but he understood the Indian language, and told us many fascinating tales old Chief Eyes-of-the-Sky related as historically true. He taught me how to ride and how to handle my reins, and also to overcome my fear of those owl-eyed little beasts that know a tenderfoot before he comes within 100 yards of the corral. And having such a sense of humor, these horses, always watched for a chance to play their meanest tricks upon us, for the amusement of the cowboys and the tourists who

had become too wise to attempt to show how little they knew about riding.

After I returned to Los Angeles, we corresponded for several months and he sent me his picture in full regalia. The girls in the studio waxed enthusiastic and looked upon him as quite a conquest. Then one day a letter came, telling me he was on his way to Los Angeles to see me. It was not three minutes later when the whole studio of girls knew about it and there promised to be much rivalry among us.

Love's Dream Goes Astray.

He came out there as soon as he reached Los Angeles. But, alas, that car little bubbles of dreams should have burst just when they are most colorful! I looked at the man who stood before me and all that was left of my woolly western cowboy hero was the smile, and even that was broken by two gold teeth which he wore prominently in the front of his jaw. (He acknowledged to me later that the dentist thirty miles from the rancho had persuaded him the lure of gold was more potent than the commonplace offering which was nature's own).

A barber had cut off those curly black locks and the back of his head had been shaved almost to his ears. "I ain't much of a dude, Miss Pickford, but I done my best to try not to look like one of them cowboy fellers; I didn't want to make you ashamed of me."

His eyes caught mine as they wandered to his ill-fitting suit, which looked as if a rainstorm had pelted down upon it until it had shrunk three times smaller than it was originally intended.

"This here suit's the best I could do. I swapped my greaser saddle for it. It ain't all it order be, but it's the best you kin do, thar."

While I was telling him how very kind it was of him to consider me, the girls came flocking to my dressing room door, and could conceal no better than I, their disappointment. He stayed about an hour and I have never seen him since. One of the other cowboys came down from the rancho to play in pictures and told me my hero had gone back to "God's country" with a grunt of satisfaction, telling them that he didn't have much use for the "gosh-darned city folks."

Answers to Correspondents.

Mary O'Shea, — though ten years old, was very much interested in the fact that I kept my dresser drawer so neat, and says it will serve as a lesson to her. This makes me very happy. She speaks of liking "The Little School Teacher" and made me remember how much fun we had when that picture was taken.

Mattie A. Thomas — is cutting out the articles every day and saving them in a big book. I only hope I can write them so she will always enjoy them. Yes, Lottie is my own sister and Jack Pickford is my brother.

Mary Pickford.



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STUDIO PETS.

We all have our little pets, and they bring much comedy and also some tragedy into our lives, for we can seldom carry them with us when we leave for other climes, and there are heartaches at parting, even between a puppy, a cat or a bird and yourself.

When the Famous Players studio burned many of our little pets were lost, and we have grieved about them ever since. There were canaries and kittens and a couple of rascally pups that used to steal into our dressing rooms when we left the doors open and pillage, like Chinese pirates, our shoe closets or baskets or wardrobe.

I had a saucy little bull terrier that when he tore my fur to pieces thought he had killed a mountain lion, and the very arrogant pride of him as he walked around on the tips of his toes with what remained of it in his mouth made me forget how cross I was with him, and I had to smile in spite of myself.

My Songbird, Billy.

An admirer sent me a beautiful little canary, a gay little fellow-feathered thing, with the voice of a raven. I cheered and I whistled to him every time I came into my dressing room, but to do avail; no warble came from his throat in spite of the fact that a very imposing ticket was attached to the top of his cage—"Guaranteed to Sing."

I named him Billy, and because he was tame I grew very fond of him, allowing him to fly around the room and perch on my dressing-room table while I was putting on my makeup. The process always seemed to interest him, and he watched me out of his little black, beady eyes, with his head perked on one side, as impatient as a critic.

If I could understand bird language, I am sure Billy was remarking, "Well, you certainly look like a dodo now, Mary Pickford, with all that makeup on!"

Every one in the studio liked my Billy, and all made suggestions as to how I could treat his bronchial tubes so I could change his name from Billy to Caruso. I paid no attention to any one until a director told me that if I bought another bird I was sure could sing, Billy, becoming very jealous, would out-warble the new arrival.

So I bought what they called a German Roller, and installed him as Billy's singing teacher. Coming into my dressing room one afternoon, Billy and the new bird flew to my shoulder and seemed very much pleased with themselves. There was such a chattering in bird language, and when I reached my dressing-room table, my eyes interpreted what their bills were saying. Right on my powder puff was a little blue speckled egg which—Billy had laid!

Now they have built a nest, and as the dressing room is warm they think the spring has come. Five little eggs are in the nest. Billy sits upon them, a very fat and proud little mother bird.

"You can't call her Billy any more," they all laughed, as I told them the story.

"Of course, I can," I replied. "I

have already renamed her. She is now Billie Burke, with apologies to one of the prettiest little actresses on the stage."

I am telling you all about my pets because so many little girls and boys write and tell me about theirs, and I always think of children as caring for and being kind to animals.

So many children offer to give me their pets, and if I could only accept them I would have to hire the Zoo in Central Park as a home for them.

A Present From Arizona.

Once, out West, a cowboy gave me what to him was a most interesting trophy. "He's a humdinger, Miss Pickford," and his eyes glowed as he told me about it. "He's got fifteen rattles!"

I jumped away from that box as if I had been shot, for there he lay, coiled and ready to spring the moment the screen was removed from the top of the box.

One dear old man sent me half a dozen horned toads, which he said would keep the flies out of my dressing-room.

A small boy sent me a couple of lizards, which scampered out of the box as I innocently opened it. They ran around my dressing-room and looked as large as sea serpents to me, so startled was I by their unexpected appearance.

White mice are often made pets. Monkeys and parrots are seen in the different dressing rooms of actresses.

Best of all, I like a dog and a horse. If I lived in the country, however, I would have chickens; big, pompous geese; important, waddling ducks; pigeons; pigs and a goat, just like the one we used in "Rags." He was the most rambunctious creature that ever butted into my life, because the camera was not on me all the time when I was trying to manage him, and I had some experiences with that animal that will not go down in five reels. I may or I may not tell you about it later!

Answers to Correspondents.

Lenore Hughes, Winthrop, Mass., asking for an article upon the care of the hair, inspired my writing one immediately, under the heading, "When Tess Shampooed Her Hair." I could not write a longer article upon it, as my methods for caring for my hair are very simple and can be told in a few words—keep it clean, brush it well and never curl it with irons. I am so glad she liked the "Dawn of a Tomorrow." I so sincerely tried to put all that was best of me into that, for I thought Glad a very interesting character study.

H. I. M., Chicago, Ill., asks if there is much opportunity for a Western girl and an experienced rider in pictures. Several years ago Western pictures were all the vogue, and many cowboys came from their ranches to appear upon the screen. A girl who could ride horseback was then very much in demand; while it is now an asset, she must not only photograph well, but be a clever actress in order to reach any great heights in the moving-picture profession.

Mary Pickford.



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WHEN TESS WASHED HER HAIR.

Although I have written one whole article on "Tess of the Storm Country," I always have to return to her because letters come every day to remind me of the many pathetic and amusing incidents in her career. Evidently Tess is just as real to others as she is to me, for they never refer to her as an imaginary story-book girl, but as a real Tess in which Mary Pickford was submerged. They do not know how happy it makes me when they compliment me in this way, for one of my greatest ambitions is to portray characters so well my audiences forget me.

One woman wrote about Tess. Her letter began: "Thank goodness, Mary Pickford, you don't wear a wig. I had always believed those curls of yours were too long and even to be real, and I have argued for many years with my neighbors when they insisted you did not even wear a switch. When I saw Tess shampooed and her head rubbed and scrubbed and then set out to dry, I watched deliberately to see that wig slip and tumble into the soapuds! But it didn't, and now you are fairer to me than ever, because I see there is nothing false about you after all."

I laughed so when I read this letter and wondered how many more were in doubt as to my "realness." I answered her letter, telling her about that shampoo just as I am going to write to you all now.

It was a bitter cold day when the scene was taken, and in order to scrub me so I could inspire a romance in some one's heart, they began on the top of my head, and those curls which I wore in a tumbled, disheveled mass were the first to dip into the bucket.

"At least, you must have the water warm," I scolded. "It is bad enough to be tackled by two strong hands and a large bar of kitchen soap. I am not the stuff that martyrs are made of, even if I will sacrifice my feelings for the success of a role. This water is ice cold."

"Very well," the director laughed at me, "Turn on the warm faucet. Set the camera up—the ordeal is about to begin."

An ordeal it was! The soap trickled down my forehead into my eyes and mouth, and as this was the first time I was ever introduced to brown kitchen soap I cared not a whit to become better acquainted with it. I did not relish its flavor, and it felt like a thousand needles as it spattered into my eyes. It was only when I saw it upon the screen and heard the audiences laugh at it that I felt repaid, because there was an aftermath which no one knew until now.

I caught the most unromantic cold in my head from that episode that I have ever had. I wheezed and sneezed and my eyes were so swollen that I could not be photographed for days.

It delayed our picture and it was nipped and tuck to get through in time.

These little secrets the audience never dreams of when it sees a few feet of film run off, nor have the people who have never visited a moving-picture studio any idea of how long it takes us to make a scene which they see in almost the wink of an eye.

The Care of My Hair.

I am going to add a paragraph about the care of my hair because so many young girls have asked me what I do to keep it in condition.

I shampoo it about every two weeks, using physicians and surgeons' soap, which seems to stimulate the roots and leaves the scalp very clean and white. I never let any one else care for my hair; in fact, I have been the sole guardian of my curls ever since I was ten years of age. Every night I brush it fifty strokes, which gives it a natural gloss and keeps me from ever having to use brilliantine or other glycerin compositions to make it shine. If I find that my hair is getting dry, the night before I shampoo it, I rub pure hot olive oil well into the roots. This feeds the roots of the hair and makes it grow luxuriantly. I have heard that olive oil darkens the hair, but it cannot hurt if it is used only before shampooing.

I can curl my hair over my fingers by brushing it, dampening the brush, during the rainy season, but in dry weather my hair gets quite straight. Then I am forced to put it up; on kids, as I would never under any circumstances touch an iron to my hair. It breaks and destroys it.

Answers to Correspondents.

I am so sorry that Evelyn Jenkins, — has written three times without hearing from me. Surely she must have sent the letters to the wrong address. To answer her questions, my hair is gold brown and I am twenty-two years old. Indeed, Florence Lawrence and I were very good friends. Yes, I have written many stories that I have appeared in, including "Lena and the Geese" and "The Girl of Yesterday."

L. E. Loynes, — If you have five-reel scenarios, I would send them in synopsis form to any reliable companies, like the Famous Players, Lasky, Vitaphone or Pathe. There are many of them, in fact, and I can assure you that they will pay as prompt attention as possible to your story, and if it is novel in plot and strong in character delineation they will undoubtedly buy it. On the envelope write "Scenario Department."

Mary Pickford.

DAILY
TALKS


Mary Pickford

DO YOU BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS?

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When Maude Adams as Peter Pan reached out her arms and asked the audience, "Do you believe in fairies?" I quivered with intense excitement, and, forgetting where I was, I called out, "I do, I do!" Miss Adams looked down at me and smiled, and I smiled back, though there were tears in my eyes and in my heart, too, for her acting had touched a latent spring which welled up in spite of myself.

I do believe in fairies. And I pity those who know not the joys of seeing the little flower folk or the water sprites or the little faces which always peek out from behind the great fleecy clouds.

When I was a little girl my grandmother told me stories of the good little people of Ireland. They always came to the poor children with gifts which were greater than the presents bought by the parents of rich children to satisfy and amuse them. And what she told me they brought were good dispositions, sweet, smiling, pretty faces and brave little hearts which could face any storm. They made the children kind, true and so clever that when they grew up they found themselves ever so much richer than the wealthy little children had ever been.

Believing in Santa Claus.

And she taught us to believe in Santa Claus; that he would never desert us. If he didn't bring us the beautiful toys he brought other children, he loved us just as much. In fact, I always believed jolly old Santa cared much more for the poor children even if he did often forget the numbers of their houses and passed them by, quite as if he didn't know that little children cornered him from every nook and corner.

A Long Remembered Christmas Tree.

Not many years ago, we professionals were asked to lend ourselves to a matinee, the proceeds of which went for a gigantic Christmas tree laden with gifts for the little children of the poor. Not only were we glad that we could be of such service, but we asked as a favor that we might all attend the lighting of the tree and see the little faces as Santa Claus took from the gaudy branches a stocking filled with toys, candies and fruit for each one of them.

They came in great droves—eager, trembling with excitement, their eyes as round as saucers, and their mouths as wide open as their eyes—frail little ones, lusty children, some of them bent and pale because they had work-

ed for years in factories, and many foreign children, timid and frightened by the glare and the unexpected joys of this American Christmas.

The Joy of Giving.

Our mother has already taught us that our greatest happiness lies in doing for others. I know of no one happier than she, and her whole life has been one of self-sacrifice.

Those years after my father's death, mother had to work so hard, especially around the holidays, and we three children never knew how much she denied herself to give to us and to keep us from realizing how close was the wolf that howled at our door.

What little we had she told us we must share with others, and we made a list of the children in the neighborhood whom we knew were even poorer than we. As the years have rolled on, our list has grown and grown until it has assumed quite amazing proportions. Every day come letters from all over the country, asking me for a little financial aid. It always grieves me because I cannot help every one, but if I responded to each call for aid I would have nothing left to hold out to those whom I know need it the most. I have my own individual charities, and I could not answer the call of strangers when even now I cannot do for the ones I love all I would like to do.

I wish you all a Merry Christmas, and may the fulfillment of the new year to come be greater than the promise.

Answers to Correspondents.

Regina Chance, —, —, No, I don't think, if you are careful not to get your hair all tangled, it would ever hurt for a little girl when she is playing house to dress her hair like a grown lady. I used to think it was the greatest fun in the world to play I was a grown-up lady and wear my hair in a big knot on the top of my head.

Blanche Hamilton, —, —, asks how old a little girl must be before she leaves school to be an actress. If she is a very wise little girl, she won't want to leave school until she has had a fine education, so she will have the advantage over other girls who are forced to go out into the world and work when they are very young. Dye certainly is harmful to the hair. It is only a foolish girl who attempts to transform herself in this way.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY
TALKS


Mary Pickford

THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT.

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"Oh, to be a child again, with our stockings hanging over the fireplace!" How many of us say that when Christmas comes.

I love the holidays, the spirit and warmth of them, in spite of the snows or the biting frosts. I like to see the holly wreaths tied with big red ribbons hanging in the windows; the busy people with their arms laden with packages and the dancing, bright-eyed children who follow their parents from one store to the other, lagging behind to peek at the marvels that are displayed in the windows. And such toys as they have in these days for children! Marvelous mechanical engines and dolls and a thousand new inventions every year to amuse and at the same time educate the children.

I have always said that even when I am grandmother old I shall want to play with toys. It is really one of my pleasures on Christmas, because I have so many little girl and boy friends to buy dolls and soldiers for. I think I have as much fun in selecting them as they have discovering them in their stockings on Christmas morning.

A Book All Should Read.

My favorite book is Charles Dickens' "Christmas Carol." It is the greatest moral lesson ever told, of a man named Scrooge, a hardened old miser, who is carried away by the ghost of his dead partner on Christmas Eve to different homes, where they, invisible spirits, look upon the festivities of others. From the gay, simple, old-fashioned Christmas party they went to the bleak homes of the poor, and what Scrooge saw there awakened the good that had sneaked away under the bad of his nature and remolded him into a kindly old philanthropist.

If we could only peek through the windows into the lives of others, we would all feel more compassion for those who suffer through poverty and sickness.

An Actress' Christmas.

With a gay song on our lips, but a funeral dirge in our hearts, most of us spend Christmas when we are traveling on the road separated from our families. Almost any other day of the year but Christmas we make the best of the conditions we are forced to meet, but there is a loneliness which I cannot describe, about being in a strange city and away from the very own who are dear to you.

Mother has told us much about her heartaches when we children had to travel away on Christmas, and I have already narrated some of my own experiences.

A Real Christmas Story.

A very successful actor told me a story the other day which to me was so full of pathos that I cherish it as one of the sweetest Christmas stories I have ever heard.

When he was a little boy, his father, whom he adored, married a widow with three children, all older than he. When they came storming into his home, he felt that a terrible chasm had yawned between his father and himself, which could never be bridged.

The children were rowdy youngsters and teased and tormented him the moment his father left his home to travel on the road, and the step-

mother must have followed the example of those unhappy ladies of Grimm's "Fairy Tales," because she inflicted upon him all the tortures children are made to suffer in our imaginary fairy lore.

When the father returned, the little boy said nothing of how he had to run errands from morning until night or that he was often beaten and sent to bed hungry. He did not want his father to feel badly.

While away on one of his trips, the father died, but the boy was too young to understand why his daddy never came home to him. There was lots of talk between the stepmother and relatives about "brats" and "orphans," but all he could understand was that they were going to send him away, so when his daddy returned he would not be there and perhaps his father would never find him again.

Christmas came. The children hung up their stockings and his ragged one was among them. In the morning the stockings were bulging with toys—all except his, which hung limp and forgotten.

"You're a bad little boy, and Santa Claus forgot you," scolded the stepmother.

"My daddy didn't forget me. Where are the toys my daddy sent me?"

Then, for the first time, she made it clear to him that his father would never return to him. It came as an awful shock, and that afternoon he stole out of the house and ran as fast as his legs could carry him down the street toward the park. There on a bench sat a very old man, with a long white beard and a big jolly tummy. He looked for all the world like Santa Claus.

"Are you Mr. Santa Claus?" the little boy asked.

The old man, turning around, saw the little pinched-faced, half-fed child, and took him up on his lap. A week later, the same old man adopted the little boy, and lived to see him reach the top of the ladder before he left him for the long, long journey we all must take after our little span of life is run.

I liked this story because, though it is real, it has a fairy tale ending, "and they lived happy ever after."

Answers to Correspondents.

Thank you so much M. M., —, for your beautiful letter. No, I have never been ashamed to acknowledge our real conditions in childhood and I am proud that we have struggled through the darkness until we have reached the light again. May I always continue to bring back to you "visions of those who have gone before you" to cheer you in your lonely hours.

Mary Biksy, —, —, There are three in my family—my sister Lottie, who is with the Flying A in "The Diamond From the Sky," my brother Jack, with the Selig company, and myself, now with the Famous Players. I was fifteen when I became a moving-picture actress. Dustin Farnum, I understand, is still with the Pallas. Blanche Sweet is not more than twenty or twenty-one years of age. Send your scenarios to the companies. They will reach the scenario department.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY
TALKS


Mary Pickford

CHRISTMAS.

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The snow is falling, blown like little quivering feathers against my window, and the city is gay in her ball gown of shimmering crystal. I have heard the snow so often called the shroud of white and I could never understand why any simile involving death should suggest itself to one gazing across the snow-trimmed houses, or upon the trees, groaning under the weight of their frozen branches. It has always meant life to me. I dream of all that is born under that protecting blanket of white—life that is there, stirring restlessly in its sleep. I feel that the trees and flowers are merely resting after three long seasons of activity, preparing for the greatest season of all, the most creative one—spring.

Several years we spent in the all-sunshine countries during holiday season, and I did not feel as though Christmas had really arrived. I remember going for a swim in the Pacific Ocean one Christmas afternoon and eating our dinner under the palm trees, in a rose bower, gowned in little summer dresses as if it were July instead of December. This was beautiful for a change, but what I like best is to be in the cold countries where the snow is piled against the door and the houses are warm and snug.

The Old-Fashioned Christmas.

The fire in the grate is so beautiful, and in the old-fashioned homes you sit around in the evening popping corn or eating chestnuts hot from the coals. And there will be cider in pewter mugs, while from the kitchen will come the most tantalizing odors of spice, mince and roasting turkey. The children will hang up their stockings, and the daddy of the household will always dress like Santa Claus, and come rollicking into the room to greet the joyous household. In the old-fashioned parlors, which are larger than our modern four-roomed apartments, after dinner they digest the goodies they have been eating by dancing the "Virginia Reel" or the old square dances, which are ever so much more fun than our modern one-steps or slow deliberate waltzes.

Lottie, Jack and I still love to hang our stockings, and our mother always fills them with pretty little gifts, most of them made by herself or my aunt. These are my prize packages, the ones I enjoy opening the most on Christmas morning.

Empty Stockings.

I will never forget one lonely Christmas on the road when Lottie and I, as children, had to leave Mother in New York and travel north with the company.

It was bitter cold and there was little of the festive Christmas in our cheap, ill-lighted hotel room. But it was Christmas Eve, and Lottie and I felt that Santa Claus was very near—possibly by now scampering over the roof of this very hotel and peeking down at us through the chimney, as we hung our stockings high on the gas jet. We had such faith in him that he would come there: soon as we tumbled into our beds, so we closed our eyes tight and were soon fast asleep.

It was not dawn when I awoke, shook Lottie until she opened her sleepy eyes very, very wide, and said: "Merry Christmas, Lottie! Let's see what Santa Claus has brought us." We jumped up and flew to the gas jet, and raised up our hands to take our loaded stockings down. But they were empty! Santa Claus had not remembered us.

"Perhaps he is only fooling us," suggested Lottie, who always has the heart of an optimist. "Maybe he has hidden them in the room and didn't put them in the stockings, just for fun."

"Of course, that is what he did," and I clapped my hands with excitement. "I guess they are under the bed."

Lottie scrambled under the bed while I peeked into the closet. They were not there. Behind the trunk, in the bureau drawers and even back of the pictures, but still we could find no footprints which showed the passing of Santa Claus.

I can never forget how deeply we were hurt or how lonely we felt as we clung to each other that bleak Christmas morning, or how tense we were as we watched all day for his coming, hoping against hope.

Two days after Christmas came mother's big Christmas box, which had been delayed during the Christmas rush. She had planned that it should reach one of the actresses in the company and the latter had promised to steal into our room Christmas Eve and fill our stockings.

But in order to know the heights of joy you must have passed through the depths of sorrow. In spite of our unhappy experience, we always were loyal to Santa Claus and would never believe he did not exist. If he is once in your heart, he will never pass out of your life.

Answers to Correspondents.

A. M., —, —, wants to know what to do with her hair, which is falling out, and for a chapped complexion. Whenever I notice my hair is falling, I brush it every night until the dead hair has left the scalp and that makes room for the new hair to come in. In my article, "When Tess Shampooed Her Hair," I have given the simple remedies I know. For a chapped face I use cold cream, although the simple old-fashioned remedy of mutton tallow is really one of the best after all.

Miss Lollie A., —, —, writes a very unhappy letter about investing in a supposed moving-picture company which promised her a fine position. One must be very careful, as no established company will ask a premium from people they are about to employ. She has been disappointed many months, not hearing from them, and this is a warning to many others who are entering into a new field, which needs careful looking into, to be sure on the right plane, before giving up their own positions to accept others they know nothing about.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY
TALKSBy
Mary Pickford

MY THIRD DAY IN MOVING PICTURES.

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One morning I arose at dawn and stood before the mirror. What had been promised for my third day's work was a love scene, and I had not the courage to tell Mr. Griffith it was to be my first. So that is why I decided I must practice my own arts upon myself in the long, indifferent mirror. The morning before, sincerely playing that I was the poor little orphan, I had nothing to reproach myself with, and I think, between you and me, I was quite pleased with my own technique. But when it came to sounding a deep human note I must have struck the keys too hard, for I was all out of tune. Sir Henry Irving might have found himself in the mirror a very good audience and could find grave flaws in his own acting by watching himself before a glass, but I learned then I could never get anything from a study of my own likeness. My imagery and my guidance must come from within. I have never pantomimed before my mirror since that morning.

Love has always seemed a very potent thing to me, so I was surprisingly thrilled with the idea of being called upon to play in a love scene, even if it were to be coldly photographed and screened.

As the only romantic episodes I had ever witnessed were across the footlights, I had a vague notion that when Mr. Griffith would stage our scene it would be accompanied by soft music and a general hushed air prevailing the studio.

At nine o'clock I was made up—at three I was called. Mr. Griffith came to me and said, an amused smile deepening the corners of his mouth, "I suppose, Miss Pickford, you've had a great deal of experience being made love to."

A Dreadful Ordeal.

"Yes, sir," I fibbed, not knowing what else to say.

"In that case," he replied, "you will not have to be rehearsed with the leading man. He is at present sulking in his dressing room. If you don't mind, you can begin on that post over there. I merely want to see how realistically you can portray a lovelorn maiden."

This was a dreadful ordeal! I looked at the post in a vague sort of a way as I was led toward it. But Mr. Griffith was already directing me. "Just imagine, Miss Pickford, this post is a handsome young man you have loved for a long, long time. Put your arms around him and tell him how many years you have waited to reach this goal of happiness."

Mechanically I obeyed him, putting my arms around the post, my face crimson, my eyes almost filling with tears and my voice ebbing very low in my throat as I said, in a half-hearted manner, "I love you."

When I looked around, Mr. Griffith was laughing at me. "It seems to me you are very mild for a young lady so much in love as you, Miss

Pickford. Can't you put more spirit into it?"

"This piqued me. 'Pardon me, Mr. Griffith,' I said, with a very penitent air, 'but I don't think I can do myself justice with a post. He is not very responsive.'"

"Very well, then, if you are that hard to please." And Mr. Griffith stopped to look around him. "Hi, there, Dobson!" he cried out to an old property man who was passing by. "Here is a young lady who refuses to make love to a wooden post. Dobson is a handsome fellow, Miss Pickford; is he a better substitute?"

I couldn't agree that Dobson was a handsome fellow. He was tall and lean and lanky, lantern jawed and had a long, soft nose which ended in an arrogant knob. But at least he was better than the post, and I blushingly admitted it to Mr. Griffith.

A Real Lothario.

But this was only my test, and later it was Owen Moore who was called by Mr. Griffith to play opposite me.

"Miss Pickford has had a great deal of experience, Mr. Moore, so there is little we can tell her," said Mr. Griffith, winking slyly, for he had guessed all along my shortcomings.

I remember how conscious I was as I walked up to Mr. Moore and Mr. Griffith directed him to put his arms around me. And how I blushed to the roots of my hair as he obeyed orders. For several minutes I stood there, not knowing quite what to do. Then I giggled a little bit, wondering what was expected of me. At last, realizing that I was called upon to play my part, I pressed my forehead to the lapels of his coat, and said very meekly, as I had said a few minutes before to the post "I love you."

"This is too emotional!" said Mr. Griffith. "It will never pass the Board of Public Censors! However we will not go further. I really believe Miss Pickford, after ten years of life and rehearsals, you will do a love scene very well."

I told this tearfully to the family sitting around the dinner table, and determined that Mr. Griffith should never reproach me again. I made up my mind to become a proficient maker of romance, and I have tried ever since to live down my first romantic record at the Biograph.

Answers to Correspondents.

Lawrence K. Boehme, —: Your letter on rice powder was extremely interesting and I appreciate the advice you have given me. I shall use talcum powder in preference now. I had always understood the ingredients of rice powder were the purest on the market and it has never injured my complexion.

Josephine Rink, —: Thank you so much for your kind letter. What you asked is true. I am glad you liked "Cinderella." Owen Moore played the part of the prince.

*Mary Pickford.*DAILY
TALKSBy
Mary Pickford

A KEYSTONE CHASE.

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Some one remarked the other day that I must have a tremendous imagination or I couldn't play so many different types and characters. It is true my imagination has always stimulated me and I so sincerely live the role I am playing that I often forget to return to the everyday Mary Pickford until I am reminded by those around me to "come back to earth again."

As a youngster I magnified everything from my joys to my sorrows just because my imagination was always running riot.

My first memories are of my little bedroom in our home in Canada. As I lay in my crib, I remember looking up at the ceiling, fascinated by the fantastic shapes traced there by the raindrops. And then my eyes would wander to the garlands of flowers which formed a border around the top of the wallpaper. Those large clusters of roses looked to me, as I half closed my eyes, like little boys and girls in bright, gaudy dresses, dancing around and around the room, never out of step or never letting go of each other's hands.

Mother always understood and never ridiculed me, but some of the other children did as I grew older. And I became frightened by their teasing laughs that mocked the telling of my strange imaginary experiences with all my fairy folk.

The Pursuit of the Phantom.

But these experiences often got me into trouble. I can now remember one amusing incident during a visit to an aunt who lived in the country. The country was glorious and full of mystery to me and I longed to roam about, seeking adventure.

I would take my books and go into the field, where I could crawl into a haystack and stretch out comfortably in the sweet-smelling hay. Sometimes I would stay there for hours, but other days I would become restless and wander far across the meadows back of the house. My aunt often scolded me for disappearing, and to frighten me she warned me that a bull, a terrible fire-breathing creature, roamed about on the adjoining Thurston ranch. This kept me pretty close to home for about two days; then, with the spirit of a pioneer, I started across country again.

I found a wonderful spot, a little clump of bushes under a great spreading tree, and just a few feet from a babbling brook that zigzagged across the fields. Opening the paper bag in which I had stored two large greasy doughnuts and an apple, I was munching away contentedly when I heard something rustle in the bushes back of me. I wheeled around wonderingly. There, looking down upon me with fierce eye and dilating nostrils, was the bull!

I jumped to my feet, my knees so weak they could hardly support my body, and with a shrill scream I cleared that ground in three-foot leaps until I reached the creek. I do not think any pole vaulter could have done better than I, as I sprang like a little goat from one rock to the other until I reached the other side.

Then I ran as fast as I could, not daring to turn around, knowing he was chasing me—hearing him right back of me, snorting and kicking up the dust as he galloped. I really believed he was so close I could feel his breath fairly scorching the back of my neck.

It seemed to me it was miles and miles before I reached my aunt's front porch and sank exhausted into her arms, telling her between gasps of my awful experience.

And now it is almost with shame that I am forced to tell you the truth, knowing you will appreciate that I suffered, through their teasing, almost as much as if I had really been in danger of my life. That bull was a nice, mild, kind-faced old Jersey cow, and out of pure friendliness she had brushed her way through the bushes to share my doughnuts and apple.

(P. S.—The only person in the world I wish had never known anything about it was Jack, but some one told him. Isn't that a delicious tidbit for a small brother to have on his sister?)

Answers to Correspondents.

James S., Sacramento, Cal., claims that he was done out of twenty-five dollars paid over to a corporation who represented themselves as agents for photo-plays. They sold him pamphlets on how to write scenarios. He claims that it sounded easy enough, but that he has never been able to sell one of his original stories, and asks my advice, for he thinks he has the right to sue the company who sold him the pamphlets. If he would read his own stories over, perhaps he would find out that he is sending a certain character of drama to the wrong company. Watch the releases and see what plays the feature companies are putting out. To a company whose studios are in the East, it would be foolish to send a scenario picturing life among the Rockies. For the studio in the West, a play laid in the coal mines or big steel mills of Pennsylvania would be difficult to stage, although if the story is big and powerful enough, they can make to order almost any atmosphere. If he can find reliable agents with recommendations from the moving-picture companies, they can place his stories to better advantage than he, knowing their market. Today they are buying only the most original of plots.

Alma C., Charleston, W. Va.: Yes, I use ice on my face quite frequently after massaging it with cold cream. It keeps the flesh firm and hardens the tissues.

*Mary Pickford.*DAILY
TALKSBy
Mary Pickford

LETTERS I SHALL ANSWER.

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Every year I receive thousands of letters from those who admire me on the screen, and now that I have an opportunity to talk through the newspapers to all my friends, I shall try to answer the questions they have so eagerly asked me in the past.

When I looked at my mail this morning it quite terrified me—hundreds of letters from all over the country, and I shall read and enjoy every one of them. But I am afraid some of my friends misunderstood me when I spoke of answering questions, for some of them have attributed to me a sixth or psychic sense, and have asked me questions not even the three Wise Men could have answered. One woman writes, "I have lost a string of pearls and could you tell me where I could find them?"

Another says: "My daughter has been dead for four years and I am very lonely without her. Could you tell me if her spirit is hovering near me?"

And still another: "We are expecting a little grandchild and I am praying for a girl. Will you help me pray, and do you think it will be a boy or a girl?"

Questions that Demand Answers.

If there were only three of these I would not be so alarmed, but there are dozens! And from their letters I am afraid they look upon me as a seeress who can divine the future, misunderstanding me when I offered to talk to them personally through the papers.

These are the questions I shall answer. To those curious about stage-folk, the life as an actress or to know what goes on behind the scenes, I shall tell them all I can to the best of my knowledge. So many girls ask me my advice upon crossing the threshold of the theater; young girls, eager to become actresses or opera singers. To those ambitious to write scenarios I am always so glad to give my advice.

Girls from the Western States write to know of the Eastern fashions, and the Eastern girls are curious about the great wild places of the West.

In their hour of need many women have written to me, seeking compassion from a perfect stranger because there was no one for them to lean upon. I answer their letters, in deepest sympathy with their overwhelming sorrows.

The life of an actress belongs to the public. It is an open book which we

try to fill with interesting experiences so there will be no dullness in the reading. But only those close to me can read between the lines, and I really feel quite hurt when letters come to me asking me the most personal of questions.

In contrast with these, I have so many letters, clever, gay and so sweetly intimate that I only wish I had room to publish them all.

Gem of a Letter.

One dear old lady sent me her photograph and asked for mine in return. Her letter was written in a dainty, old-fashioned style, and in it she said: "I am curious to know if you had a grandmother, little Mary, and how much did she mean to you? Will you write and tell me about her? If you were my own little granddaughter, what pleasure I should take in brushing your long curls over my fingers every morning. When I was a little girl, curls were not so fashionable. My mother used to braid my hair in a dozen tiny braids and run the hot iron over it so when it was combed out it stood out in remarkable crimps. That was the style in my day."

I am asked what to read, how to take care of the hair, complexion—in fact, all the secrets we actresses are supposed to know to keep us eternally young. Of course I answer them, but, as some wise philosopher once said, you always confess yourself when you are advising others. I can only give to them what is in my frugal warehouse.

I am not scolding you because you have written letters that I cannot answer. I only think that you have not understood and have offered me the greatest compliment in the world—that of being capable and comprehensive enough to see into the future!

Answers to Correspondents.

"A Middle-Aged Admirer." —: It is always gratifying to be told that I have made a success of any role, and "Madam Butterfly" was very difficult, as I had to submerge my own American mannerisms and become a little Japanese girl. It takes about six weeks to produce a five-reel picture. Sometimes we are days taking scenes which run about ten minutes.

Grace Baker, —: You are taking the right stand in your debate, "Moving Pictures are a source of moral good." They are educational and can reach so many people. I am writing many articles upon this great good. If you read them, they might help you in your debate.

Mary Pickford.



A CONFESSION.

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"How brave you must be, doing so many hazardous feats for the movies," complimented some admirers today. "You really take some grave chances, don't you?"

I admitted we often faced situations which called for an iron will and a brave heart, but not so often as the public believes. There are many tricks of photography, which I shall write all about, later.

I have had a few hairbreadth escapes, and stood, quite tremblingly, on the edge of some mental precipices, but here is my confession—I am not a soldier at heart.

Several girls have written me from the war zone where they are nurses, caring for the wounded soldiers. To me that is such a noble thing for a girl to do—give up her life to the care of others—but I could never have the courage to face the harrowing sight of suffering and death.

In fact, I have seen only stage deaths, and they made such an impression upon me I could never be a witness to the real passing away of any one.

That is only part of my confession. I am the most weak-kneed girl in the world when an accident occurs. I remember once we ran over a duck and I was the loudest mourner that ever howled at the funeral of a feathered martyr. And when my pet canary drooped his little head, crumpled up his toes and fell to the bottom of the cage, I almost fainted with terror and anguish.

But it was a different story on the stage. Deaths were my favorite pastime; even as a child, when I played Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," I gloried in them, for the better I died the louder the applause, and I used to peek out under my lashes to see how many sympathetic ladies had their handkerchiefs out. Sometimes the house was particularly cold and the passing of Little Eva did not twang upon their romantic heart-strings. Then I would stretch a point and so pitiful would I make her I refused to die until I saw real or crocodile tears trickling down from their eyes.

I have heard actresses say in the case of an accident they always study the faces of the injured, to be able to portray physical suffering on the stage more realistically. When I remembered how wretched I was over the crushed little duck I know that no art could ever make me face the agony of others to analyze it for future use upon the stage.

At Last I Frighten Some One.

Before I left the Biograph we went to Cuba to take "The Fisher Maid." I cannot forget how lonely I was for the companionship of a white girl. We were there three months and lived most of the time in the interior among the natives. I was playing the role of a Cuban girl and with the

combination of grease paint and scorching sun I was baked to a mince pie brown.

"Oh, dear," I sighed to the men in the company, for I was the only girl, "if I could only hear the voice of an English-speaking woman I wouldn't be half so lonesome."

"Seek and ye shall find," advised Mr. Griffith. "But you look so much like a little native girl, I don't think your own countrywomen would recognize you."

I laughed at him, but he was right. That afternoon I leaped to my feet as I overheard two loud women's voices, and almost gratefully I realized they were not speaking in staccatoed Spanish. It was English "on the half shell," as it were.

One woman said, pointing to me, "Sure, now, and what nationality do you think she's after being?"

"One couldn't say, bless me soul," and the other woman looked at me critically. "Hi think she's one o' them 'all crazed, dirty gypsies. Wot do you think habout hit, 'ay?"

"Sure, it's the hair that's quare for a gypsy, ain't it now?"

The little cockney woman looked at me quite alarmed for a minute; then she tugged at the other woman's skirts, warning her in a loud stage whisper: "I've 'eard as 'ow they're dangerous, them gypsies. 'Ain't we better 'urry on our way, Miss Reilly?"

"Tis me been after thinking the same thing," said Miss Reilly.

And away they ran, leaving me quite dazed by the unexpected turn in my affairs. I started to catch up with them, anxious to explain, but when they saw me hurrying after them they screamed at the top of their lungs. Then I had to laugh—it really was such fun to frighten some one else, especially two such Amazons as they were. For if they had turned around and said, "Boo," to me I would have fled to the hills.

Answers to Correspondents.

A woman who signs herself "Philanthropist" asks if I believe in organized charity. She is writing a paper on the subject to be read before a Houston (Texas) club. I believe in organized charity when it doesn't so absorb one that no interest is left for individual relief work. It is a good thing to have organizations, but they should never be used as an excuse not to help the needy individual.

Jack W., —, sends me a scenario for criticism. I regret that I cannot be of any service in this case. Scenarios should be sent to some scenario company. The readers are always looking for original plots and are very patient, studying all manuscripts and making suggestions which will prove invaluable to the authors.

Mary Pickford.



NEW YEAR'S EVE.

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How different our New Year's Eves of today are from those of yesterday! Today we ring in the new year with joy and gladness in our hearts, but I can remember, when we were children traveling alone on the road, Lottie and I were terrified by the din and confusion of it. Lottie was nine and I was ten when we were doing one-night stands with a second-rate company, our vehicle being "The Child Bride"—one of those rare and rank old melodramas constructed to give one alternately chills and fever, but winding up as prescribed by all optimists—"happy ever after."

Two or three of the actresses had faithfully promised our mother when she put Lottie and me on the train to look after us, care for us and see that we stood in no imminent danger. But they cared nothing about us, and we two little tads were given neither attention nor kindness, but left to wander around and shift for ourselves.

Our greatest terror was the landing in small towns and going to hotels, where invariably we were given the poorest room in the house. Then going back and forth to the theater, through strange, dark streets, we would shrink from every shadow and run from lighted lamppost to lamppost, like scared rabbits. I was always the guardian of our resources, which seldom amounted to more than twenty dollars, but I stored it in a secure leather purse and hung it around my neck. This was guarded as if it contained the capital of the Bank of England.

Left to Shift for Themselves.

One night, reaching a town we had never visited before, the company slipped away from us while we were busy trying to locate our suitcases. We hurried in the direction they had taken and found they had gone in a machine and had completely forgotten us.

Lottie and I could hardly keep the tears from our eyes when I asked the station agent if he knew to which hotel they were going. His abrupt "Nope—I ain't no mind reader. There's a dozen hotels in this here town," sounded as violent as if he had ordered us to prison.

The buses were gone, so we took the street car. As we rounded a corner many blocks from the station, we saw the first electric sign that read "Hotel." Lottie and I both jumped off the car and hurried into a strange little inn, old and dilapidated and almost deserted. But a cheerful fire was burning in the grate and we warmed our cold hands while waiting for some one to come down stairs. Finally the door opened and a big, fat, jolly-looking German waddled into the room.

"Vell, vot ist?"

"We are two theatrical children," I began timidly. "We would like to stay here tonight, if you don't mind." He twisted his head on one side

and looked at us with his little, twinkling eyes.

"Ach, Himmel! Two babies, pon my soul! Jost two little vuns."

"Have you a room for us?" I asked him eagerly.

"Ja, ja, ja!" And he beamed upon us, patting our heads with his large, plump hands. "Vere iss your mutter this New Year's Eve? Two babies, dot's all you are—two leetle babies."

"My mother is with another company," I explained. "We're traveling alone. This is my sister Lottie."

Still muttering, "Ach, Gott! Two leetle babies, traveling all by der-selves," to himself, he waddled out of the room, "like a great, fat duck," whispered Lottie to me. And as we watched him, we giggled and held our hands up to our mouths for fear he might overhear us and come back without that broad, welcoming smile of his.

A Fearful Suggestion.

"You don't suppose"—and Lottie's eyes grew suddenly serious—"we have got into a robber's den and he might steal all our money, do you, Mary?"

I felt the leather purse which hung around my neck excitedly, confident that my twelve dollars in one dollar bills was still there. "I don't think so, Lottie, dear," I said, trying to calm her. "He seemed to be a very nice gentleman."

"You can never tell about robbers," warned Lottie. "They're awful sly people, Mary."

When he returned, he brought with him a tray and on it were two large glasses of warm milk and some of the best buns and German cakes I have ever tasted. Oh, how we children gobbled that New Year's Eve spread! And how warm and cozy we were in this little roadhouse, for such it was, with our kind German host. There was no ringing of bells or blowing of horns or throwing of confetti on this, our New Year's Eve. But it was one of the happiest nights we had spent since we had to leave our home and travel on the road.

Answers to Correspondents.

A. E., —, can write privately, if the letter is bearing upon any of the subjects I have agreed to answer. All letters reach me sent to the newspaper or direct to the Famous Players' Studio, New York City.

Edna W's — description of herself is very alluring, but as she is only thirteen, I cannot advise her to give up school, even though she is ambitious to make money in pictures. It is such an uncertain life that if she is forced to go to work she had better be sure of something else and keep pictures in the background until she has discovered whether she is a desirable type or not. You can always give up one position for a better one. There is not much chance for a girl of thirteen unless she has remarkable ability, which has been developed through years of stage experience as a child.

Mary Pickford.



NEW YEAR'S EVE ON THE TRAIN.

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Mr. Griffith took his company to California one winter. In this company were Mable Normand, Blanche Sweet, Mae Marsh, Mack Sennett, James Kirkwood, Gertrude Robinson, Owen Moore and myself.

We were a very gay party, having a private car to ourselves. When New Year's came, Mr. Griffith saw no reason why we should not celebrate as merrily as if we were in a brilliant cafe, made gaudy by holiday decorations and hilarious by songs, accompanied by all sorts and conditions of tin horns.

He hired the dining car after the other travelers were finished, and we were invited to a wonderful spread. Never have I sat down to a gayer or a more luxurious banquet; nor have I ever had a happier New Year's Eve.

A Clever Comedienne.

After the dinner was over, we staged a moving-picture comedy, and it was then we realized, almost for the first time, what a wonderful comedienne Mabel Normand was. She had been playing ultra-seriously in dramas. Because she was dark and the representative type of villainess, she was made to play the flashing-eyed creature of temperament whose very looks were stilts in your heart and whose movements undulated like a snake crawling through the brush. The thousands who have laughed with her on the screen in her last few years of comedy perhaps have forgotten her as a heavy woman.

Reverse conditions occur in many instances where the careers of makers of comedy have been cut short to transform them into double-dyed tragedians.

We danced and sang, and at last we decided that we would share our merrymaking with the rest of the train. So we fled through the coaches, wishing every one a happy new year and singing in uncertain quartets all the old songs which are the symbol of the departing year and the advent of a new one.

A Discordant Note.

Every one in the train seemed to join in with our festive spirits except two old spinsters, who looked at us askance over the tops of their spectacles. They said, in a shrill, audible whisper: "Them actor folks are gittin' gayer 'n gayer! It's more'n apple cider they've been drinkin'." Of course this amused us all and indi-

vidually we paused to wish them a happy new year.

They did not realize that happiness is just as intoxicating as the bubbles in wine, and that when one has youth and success seems such a little way off it is all the stimulus one needs.

When the train stopped at a small station, we all scrambled out and sent New Year's Eve telegrams home to our families. Mother, Lottie and Jack were in New York at that time, and loneliness surged over me as I signed "Mary" to a telegram brimming with love and good wishes.

Blanche Sweet and I talked long into the night about our plans for the future. She was as ambitious as I, and as she is so pretty, there was not a doubt but that she would find the pot of gold that lies at the end of the rainbow. She is so fair her hair is almost silver blond, and her hands are as beautiful as those of Mona Lisa.

These trips across the country are always enjoyable when we have a happy company, and, as a rule, we are like one large family. The last few of these, mother has always traveled with me, and her wing is broad and protecting enough to spread over all the motherless girls who are traveling with us.

Where there is a harmonious company, the results will always be the best of pictures, for there are then no petty jealousies to make a jarring note.

Answers to Correspondents.

Miss Nellie S., —, —: One of the cleverest little amateur performances I have seen, which provoked much mirth, was a satire on the moving-picture drama. It was all done in pantomime, of course, which gives a great opportunity for active acting. If it is done quickly, it can be made very humorous. Of course, the old melodrama is the funniest in pantomime. The only difficulty in getting comedies is that they are generally copyrighted and it is pretty expensive to buy the rights to produce them. I understand that if you write to Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald, 18 Ann street, New York city, you can get a list of comedies and dramas for amateur performances.

I thank Will H. Harmer, —, —, for his very lovely poem, and would like to publish it in this column if it were not too long. The involving of his criticism of several of my plays into verse is quite original and I enjoyed it immensely.

Mary Pickford.